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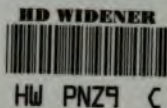
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JUDITH, PHOENIX

And Other Anglo-Saxon Poems

TRANSLATED BY
J. LESSLIE HALL



STUDENT'S EDITION

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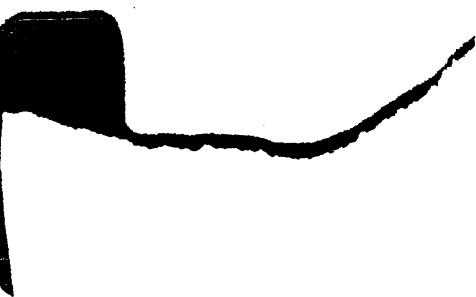
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JUDITH, PHOENIX

AND OTHER ANGLO-SAXON POEMS

TRANSLATED

FROM THE GREIN-WÜLKER TEXT

BY

J. LESSLIE HALL, PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN THE
COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY
TRANSLATOR OF BEOWULF, ETC., ETC.



SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY

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In Loving Memory

OF

E. G. H.



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PREFACE.

SINCE the very kind reception of my *Translation of Beowulf* (1892), I have always intended to continue my work in translating Anglo-Saxon poetry, but did not hurry until urged by friends well known in the department of English philology. I now submit a second volume to those that have kindly praised my *Beowulf*.

I have selected five of the best known and most important Anglo-Saxon poems. Three of these have been well rendered by my friend, Professor James M. Garnett, with whom I have already measured swords in no ungenerous emulation. A fourth one, *Andreas*, has been put before English readers in iambic blank verse by Mr. R. K. Root; but, from my point of view, that measure is unsuitable for translating Anglo-Saxon poetry. The *Phoenix* is almost unknown to the English reader, and it is my devout hope that this volume may do something toward adding that ancient gem to the treasures of our modern literature.

The present writer does not claim to have settled the question how Anglo-Saxon poetry should be translated. He still holds the views expressed in the preface to the *Translation of Beowulf* (1892), and finds himself in good company. Of prose translations, Stopford Brooke says: "Of all possible translations of poetry, a merely prose translation is the most inaccurate. . . . Prose no more represents poetry than architecture does music." As to rhyming measures and blank verse, also, Brooke's preface to his *Early English Literature*, p. viii, expresses our views exactly.

Since 1892, the C and D types of Anglo-Saxon verse have grown upon the writer, and quite a large number of them will be found in this volume.

Vowel-quantities have not been marked in the foot-notes. Only scholars would care for them, and they do not need them. The different kinds of marks used in our college text-books are a serious hindrance to the student of Anglo-Saxon, and we gladly dispense with all whenever it is possible to do so.

J. LESSLIE HALL.

WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA,
April 15, 1902.



ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

A.-S. = Anglo-Saxon.

B. = Baskervill's *Andreas*.

Br. = Stopford Brooke's *Early English Literature*.

Bri. = Bright's *Anglo-Saxon Reader*.

BT. = Bosworth-Toller *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*.

C. = Cook's *Judith* and *Anglo-Saxon Reader*.

Ett. = Ettmüller's *Scopas*.

Gar. = Garnett's translations of *Judith*, *Maldon*, and *Brunnanburh*.

Gr. = Grein's *Bibliothek*, *Dichtungen*, and *Sprachschatz*.

G.-W. = Grein-Wülker *Bibliothek*.

W. = Wülker's Notes in the G.-W. *Bibliothek*.



JUDITH, PHŒNIX, AND OTHER
ANGLO-SAXON POEMS.

JUDITH.

[This "noble fragment" is found in the same manuscript that contains *Beowulf*. Its author, its date of composition, and the place where it was composed, are all alike unknown, and are subjects of varied conjecture and of conflicting theories.

Some scholars attribute it to Cædmon, the monk of Whitby, of whom "the Venerable Bede" tells us that "he wrote poetry by divine aid and inspiration," and that "he did not learn the art of poetry from men but from God." Others, however, think that the poem, though not composed by Cædmon himself, belongs to the "Cædmon cycle," Professor A. S. Cook, who has studied *Judith* more critically than any other scholar known to us, thinks that it is more likely to be by Cynewulf, or some disciple of his, than to emanate from the "school" of Cædmon. Some go further than this, and attribute it to Cynewulf himself. The most definite theory as to the authorship of *Judith*, advanced and argued at considerable length by the American Cook, mentioned above, is as follows: "The poem was composed by Swithhun, Bishop of Winchester, the teacher and confidential friend of Ethelwulf, father of Alfred, and was composed in or about the year 856, in honor of Judith, the young wife of Ethelwulf, and in gratitude for the deliverance of Wessex from the fury of the heathen Northmen."

As to the date of composition, also, there is wide difference of opinion. If composed by Cædmon, it would date from the seventh century, probably between the years 660 and 680. If Cynewulf wrote it, we may reasonably ascribe it to the second half of the eighth century. Brooke "roughly dates" it about the middle of this century, and ten Brink says that it "arose probably during the eighth or in the beginning of the next century." Professor Cook, we have seen, assigns it to about the middle of the ninth century. Others, associating it with *Brunnanburh* (937) or with the *Battle of Maldon* (991), bring it down to the last half of the tenth century, or even later.

The place of authorship, most scholars regard as Northumbria, the birth-place of English song. We have seen, however, that Cook assigns it to Wessex, the later centre of early English culture. The few that date it from

the latter half of the tenth century would no doubt assign it a West-Saxon authorship.

As to the merits of this poem, scholars are almost unanimous. Morley characterizes it as "a noble fragment"; Sweet, as "one of the noblest [poems] in the whole range of Old English poetry"; Wright, as "one of the finest specimens of Anglo-Saxon"; and Ettmüller, the eminent German scholar and translator, as "*omnium hujus generis facile pulcherrimum*." Thorpe, Rieger, Körner, ten Brink, and other English and German scholars speak with equal enthusiasm. Professor Cook, however, is a little guarded in his expression of opinion, saying that "the poem displays an elevation characteristic of the noblest poetry." Brooke, with still less enthusiasm says: "*Judith* is a good, ringing piece of English verse, but I cannot agree with those who place it in the highest rank."

The old poem moves me beyond expression.

The 350 lines preserved to us are quite generally thought to constitute the last quarter of the whole poem.

The poem in its original form was probably based closely upon the story of Judith as recorded in the apocryphal book that bears her name. The fragment, however, rests mainly upon that part of the book beginning with the 33d verse of the 8th chapter, and ending with the 1st verse of the closing chapter. The last chapter, as a whole, was not available material to a poet of such eminent ability. A smaller man would have undertaken to reproduce or to paraphrase the noble psalm (vv. 2-17) sung by Judith and her people. Our poet, however, tells us in a few noble words of his own that she "gave glory to the Lord God of Hosts," and he concludes by urging us to do the same. Nor did he need the last eight verses of the chapter; for they tell us, in unvarnished Hebrew, Latin, or English—what he never hints at—that Judith was a widow, and that she "waxed old," living to the age of 105; neither of which facts would add to the romantic value of the story with an audience of his era.

The text of the poem is easily accessible in Sweet's *Anglo-Saxon Reader* and in Cook's critical edition; while extracts can be found in Cook's *First Book in Old English*, and in Hall's poetical appendix to Baskervill & Harrison's *Anglo-Saxon Reader*. Less accessible is the Grein-Wülker *Bibliothek der Angelsächsischen Poesie*, on which this translation is based (II, pp. 294-314).

Complete translations in English have been put within reach of all by Prof. A. S. Cook and Prof. J. M. Garnett; while translations of special passages can be found in Brooke's *History of Early English Literature*.]

IX.

* * * * She his gifts doubted (not)

On this broad-stretching earth ; early found she, then,
 Defence from the famous King, when she felt most need of
 The almighty Judge's favor, that from terror the greatest
 God the Creator would free her : the Father in heaven
 Glorious did grant her this boon, since the greatest faith she
 Ever reposed in the Lord almighty. Olofernes, 'tis told me,
 A wine-feast ¹ gladly proclaimed, and a wondrously sumptuous
 10 Banquet he bade to be spread : all the best of his thanemen
 The leader of armies did summon. They early anon
 Did as he bade, shield-bearing men ; to the mighty war-
 captain

The chiefs of the folk came flocking. The fourth day² this
 was

Since the gracious Judith, sagacious in spirit,
 Elf-lovely ³ lady, the leader first sought for.

Judith trusts in
 the God of her
 fathers.

Holofernes, the
 Assyrian leader,
 invites his
 thanes to a great
 wine-feast.

X.

They anon to the feast, then, fared, and were seated,
 Proud to the wine-drinking, his woe-comrades all,
 Mail-warriors doughty. There were deep bumpers
 'Long the benches borne full oft, and beakers and flagons
 Full to the feasters : they, fated,⁴ did drain them,
 20 Shield-warriors doughty, though the mighty one weened not
 thereof,

¹ The poet portrays a typical A.-S. wine-feast. Judith is a typical A.-S. lady, and many of the stock phrases of the primal poetry are applied to her throughout.

² See Book of Jud. xii : 10.

³ The wonderful beauty of this young widow plays an important part in the plot of the Hebrew story.

⁴ As in the poetry based upon A.-S. subjects, many of the actors in the drama are *doomed* (*fæge*).

- Horrible ruler of heroes. Then, Holofernes grew joyful,
 Gold-friend of warriors, glad o'er his wine-cups ;
 Laughed he, shouted he, raised clamor and uproar,
 That the children of men might hear in the distance
 How the stern-mooded leader stormed and bellowed,
 How, insolent, mead-drunk,¹ he mightily urged the
 Braves on the benches to bear themselves well.²
 Thus did the evil one all day long, now,
 Deluge with drink his doughty companions,
 30 The bold-mooded giver of gems, till they lay in a stupor,
 Outstretched his troopers all drunk, as if death had blasted
 them,
 Of all their good things deprived. So bade, then, the prince
 of warriors
 Liegemen fill for the revellers, till lowering night shades
 Closed in on the children of men. Then, the monster of evil
 Bade the holy handmaid ³ of Heaven be speedily
 Brought to his bed, the bracelet-adorned one,
 Sparkling with rings. They readily did, then,
 Obedient liegemen, as their lord had bidden them,

The drunken
 Assyrian leader
 orders that
 Judith be
 brought to his
 tent.

¹ We are told in the book of *Judith* that Holofernes's heart was ravished with her, and that, thinking she had drunk freely with him, he drank more wine than he had ever drunk in one day in all his life.

² This translation sounds "tame," but follows closely nearly all the authorities. C., however, glosses *vociferate*, *shout aloud*, which sounds better. We think it really means that H. bade his "servants" to make themselves merry and have a good time.

³ Here and elsewhere, we have avoided the words *maid*, *damsel*, *virgin*, used by all the editors and translators up to this time. Nor can we accept the statement of Professor Cook that the A.-S. poet endows Judith with "virginal purity." Our reasons for this departure are: (1) Though endowing her with virginal purity would enhance her charms with a mediæval audience or reader, the fact of Judith's being a widow would be too well known to a large proportion of his readers and hearers for any writer to use such a device. (2) The names applied to her in the poem are used in the literature to denote women in general, whether virginal or otherwise. (3) Words like *mæden* and *fæmne*, which apply to virgins and damsels exclusively, are never applied to Judith in the poem.

- Atheling of earlmen : instantly went they
40 To the guest-hall, where Judith wise-mooded found they,
And quickly, then, shield-warriors 'gan to conduct the
Illustrious lady to the lofty pavilion
Where the mighty one ever was wont to recline,
Within by night, Olofernes
Hateful to God. There a gold-fashioned fly-net,
Beauteous, was hung o'er the bed of the leader,
That the monster of evil might easily look through,
50 Atheling of earls, at each that came in there
Of the children of heroes, and on him no creature
'Mid all of the sons of men, 'less summoned the proud one
Some one of troopers tried in the battle
To come to his tent as a counsellor. Quick to his bed
Led they the wise-mooded woman ; went, then, stout-hearted
Heroes, to announce to their prince that the pure-souled
Judith
Was brought to his tent. Then, waxed the illustrious one,
Ruler of boroughs, blithe, thought the bright-souled woman
With foulness and shame to corrupt ; the righteous Glory-
Judge
60 Intervened, Shepherd of Honor, prevented him from it,
The Lord God, Ruler of Hosts. The loathèd, devilish creature
Went, then, wanton of spirit, by his war-band attended,
Wicked, to look for his bed, where his life he should forfeit
Forthwith 'twixt sunset and dawn ; such end terrible
He had met on the earth as erstwhile he merited,
Mighty leader of men, while he remained in this world here
'Neath the spacious dome of the heavens. So the mighty
one, drunken with wine,
Down on his couch then fell that unconscious he lay there
Long in a stupor ; liegemen then hastened
70 Out from the room off speedily,
Wine-sated troopers, who the truce-breaking man,
The tyrant abhorred, for the last time now had
Brought to his bed. Then, the bright, peerless

God will not
permit his noble
handmaid to be
dishonored.

Holofernes falls
on his bed in a
drunken stupor.

The heroic
Judith, after
pondering a
while, determines
to kill the brutal
wretch with his
own sword.

Handmaid of God mused and pondered
How the terrible earl she most easily then might
From his life sunder, ere the lecherous creature
Crime-stained awoke. Then, the curly-locked lady,
The Lord's dear servant, took a keen-edged falchion,
Hard from the forging (?),¹ forced it from the scabbard

80 With her own right hand ; heaven's great Warden
By name she besought, Saviour of all that
Dwell on the earth, and uttered this prayer :

She offers a noble
and devout
prayer to her
God.

" Oh, God of Creation and Spirit of Comfort,
Oh, Son of the Highest, I beseech thee hear me,
Oh, Might of the Trinity,² and thy mercy grant me,
So sorely needing it. Mightily my heart is
Stirred up within me and anxious my spirit,
Exceedingly troubled with sorrows ; grant me, Sovereign of
Heaven,

Victory and faith unswerving, that I with this sword may be
able

90 To slay this dispenser of slaughter ; safe do thou keep me,
Puissant Prince of Heroes : ne'er had I more pressing need of
Thy all-protecting mercy : avenge now, mighty Lord,
Splendid Dispenser of Glory, the pain that my spirit endureth,
The grief that gnaweth my heart."³ The Most High Judge,
then,

Early with courage inspired her, as he ever doth those of
Dwellers on earth that ask his assistance

With wisdom and right belief. Then, her spirit rose within her,

¹ This translation is merely conjectural. The phrase *scurum heardne* (l. 79) occurs only once in A.-S. poetry, so that its meaning may never be fully understood. Some other conjectures are: *hardened by war-strokes* (P) ; *sharp from scouring* ; *hardened by blows* (of hammers) ; *hardened in* (standing) *water*. Our translation keeps pretty close to Gr.'s and BT.'s lexicons.

² Those who think that "Cortez" spoils Keats's great sonnet, will, no doubt, be horrified that our poet makes Judith pray to the second and third persons of the Trinity.

³ The poet expands her prayer from a short sentence to 11½ lines: "The prayer is nobly wrought," says Br.

The holy one's hope was renewed; she took, then, the
heathen warrior

Fast by the hair of his head, drew him with her hands
towards her

She is nerved and
strengthened for
the great deed.

- 100 With scorn, and the evil designer artfully laid she,
The hated brute, where best she might handle him,
Take care of the creature. Then, the curly-locked lady
With flashing¹ falchion smote the foeman detested,
The hostile-hearted one, that she half cut through, then
Severed his neck, that swooning he lay there
Drunken and wounded. Not dead was he yet, now,
Nor gave up the ghost; again² vehemently,
With might and main, the mood-valiant woman
- 110 Smote the heathen hound that his head whirled rapidly
Forth on the floor; lay the foul carcass
Lifeless behind, his spirit departed
Down 'mid the damned³ in dire abasement,
Ever thereafter in agony fettered,
With serpents bewound, in torments bound,
Firmly fastened in the flames of perdition,
When death took him off. Not e'er might he hope, now,
Encompassed with darkness to come away thence,
Leave that dragon-hall, but shall dwell in its horrors
- 120 Forever and ever, in endless perdition,
In that horrid home, hopeless, wretched.⁴

¹ Most authorities render thus, but Sweet glosses *hostile* (?); cf. l. 194, below, for plural form.

² The poet shows considerable dramatic power at this point by increasing the suspense: the Bible narrative simply says, "She smote twice upon his neck with all her might, and she took away his head from him."

³ Other renderings are: *under the deep earth; beneath the abyss; to hell*. The phrase in the A.-S. means literally *under the deep headland*, and may contain a valuable piece of unexplained folklore.

⁴ The poet gladly consigns the Assyrian monster to this happy clime.

XI.

They return to
the Hebrew host,
bearing the
monster's head as
a trophy.

- Preëminent honor had earned, then, in battle
Judith the brave, as the Lord God gave,
King of the Heavens, who crowned her with victory.
The handmaid of Heaven hastily brought, now,
The bold battle-leader's blood-gory head
In the selfsame sack that her servant devoted,
The fair-cheeked¹ woman, their food² had brought thither in,
Excellent-mooded one, out to the field,
130 And the head so gory she gave anon to her,
To the thoughtful of spirit, homeward to bear it, .
Judith to her follower. Forthwith departed, then,
The dear ones both, dauntless, brave-hearted,`
Till exultant, triumphant, out from the host,
God's handmaidens came, and clearly might look on
The walls glistening of the lovely city,
Bethulia the beautiful. They, flashing with rings,
Hurried apace forth on their way, then,
140 Till, happy-hearted, the holy ones came to
The gate of the wall. Warriors were sitting,
War-heroes watching their ward were holding there
Inside the fortress, as erstwhile the folk-troop,
Mournful of spirit, Judith had bidden,
Wise-mooded woman, when she went on her mission,
Brave handmaid of Heaven. Home she was come now,
Dear to her people, and then quickly commanded
The wise-mooded woman one of the heroes
From the spacious city to speed forth and meet her,
150 And early thereafter therein to admit her
Through the gate of the wall, and this word spake she
To the folk triumphant: "I am able to tell you

¹ Sometimes rendered *pale-checked*.

² The poet naively informs us that they put the monster's head in their
"lunch-basket." *etc.*

A note-worthy thing, that ye need not longer, now,
 Grieve in your spirit : God loveth you,
 The Glory of Kings ; 'tis known to all races,
 Through the world widely, that wondrous and spacious
 Honor shall be given you and glory be yours
 For the baleful burdens ye have borne so long now."¹
 Joyful of mood were the men of the city

160 When they heard how the handmaid of Heaven addressed
 them

The Hebrews are
 filled with joy.

O'er the town-wall high. The war-host was joyous :
 Tow'rds the fortress-gate the folk-troop hurried, then,
 Both men and women, in multitudes thronging,
 In crowds and companies crushed and jostled
 Tow'rds the handmaid of God in hundreds and thousands,
 Both old and young : for each man there
 In that mead-borough fair the mood was the blither,
 When they heard the good tidings that Judith was come
 Back to her home again, and hastily anon

170 They received her therein with humble obeisance.
 Then the wise one bade, embellished with jewels,
 Her handmaiden thoughtful the head of the chieftain
 To uncover, and gory to display to the burghers
 As a proof how splendidly she had sped at the battle.
 Spake, then, the noble one to all of the folk-throng :

" Here ye may easily, triumphant heroes,
 Leaders of liegemen, look with your eyes on
 The head of this hatefulest heathen war-captain,
 180 Olofernes lifeless, who of earthmen foremost
 Deeds devilish hath done to our people,
 Grim grievances, and greater ones purposed
 To add to our agony ; but the All-Father granted him
 No longer life-days, with loathsome miseries
 To be able to torture us : I tore his life from him
 By the help of the Lord. Each of the warriors,

Showing them
 the head, she
 encourages them
 to attack and
 destroy the
 Assyrian army at
 the dawn of day.

¹ The poet shows great skill in his *omissions* ; in this art, he is almost unequalled among our early poets.

- Brave-mooded burghers, I will beg earnestly,
 Shield-bearing comrades, that ye quickly make ready,
 Gear you for the grapple ; when the God of Creation,
 190 The merciful King, from the east sendeth
 His light luminous, your lindens bear forward,
 Your boards 'fore your breasts and your battle-corslets,
 Your helmets a-flashing, 'mid the heaps of the foemen,
 The folk-leaders felling with falchions a-gleaming,
 The war-chieftains fated. Your foes are already
 Doomed to death now, and double glory,
 Eminent honor, ye shall earn in the battle,
 As the mighty Lord through my hand hath betokened."
 The throng of the fearless was forthwith prepared, then,
 200 Bold ones for battle ; bravely marched, then,
 Earlmén and comrades, bare their ensigns forward,
 To the fight faring, forthwith advancing,
 Heroes under helmets from the holy city
 At the break of the dawn ; battle-shields clattered,
 Loudly did rattle. So the lank wolf¹ was
 Glad in the wood, and that wan bird, too,
 The ravenous raven : they reckoned full surely
 That the excellent earlmén were eager to furnish them
 A feast on the fated ; and there flew behind them
 210 The eagle, that glutton, dewy-feathered one,
 The sable-suited one sang, then, his war-song,
 The horny-beakèd one. The heroes went forward,
 Brave ones to battle with bucklers protected,
 With their hollow shields, they who erstwhile had suffered
 The biting jests and jibes of the strangers,
 The scorn of the heathen² ; 'twas hotly required

In the early dawn, the Hebrews fall upon their enemies. The wolf, the raven, and the eagle are glad.

The Hebrews requite the Assyrians for all their scorn and abuse.

¹ The A.-S. poet could hardly depict a battle-scene without introducing the wolf, the raven, and the eagle.

² The reader will recall that the Jews had long been trodden underfoot by conquering armies from Egypt, Syria, Babylon, and Assyria. The old poet now wishes us to understand that the brave Hebrews, in this campaign, acquitted themselves heroically, and also got a good day's vengeance.

At the play of the ash-spears all the Assyrians,
 When the Hebrew heroes had hurried 'neath banners
 220 On to their camp. Courageously hurled they
 Showers of arrows off from their bow-strings,
 Battle-adders out from their horn-bows,
 Strongest of arrows ; angry warriors
 Bellowed and bawled, their battle spears hurling
 'Mid the band of the brave ; bitter were the heroes,
 Land-dwellers doughty, 'gainst the loathed people,
 Stepped, then, the stern-mooded, the stout-hearted warriors
 Did their enemies-of-old stir up rudely,
 Weary from wassailing : warriors drew, then,
 230 With their hands from the sheaths well-fashioned sword-blades,
 Tried in their edges, eagerly smote, then,
 The flying fighting-men of the folk of Assyria,
 Ill-planning evil ones, not any spared they
 Of that harrying host, then, nor high nor low
 Of living beings that they were able to conquer.

XII.

So the kinsmen-thanes, through the hours of the morning,
 Untiringly followed the trail of the strangers,
 Till the chiefs of the folk-troop, the fierce-mooded, saw
 240 That the Hebrew heroes hewed with a terrible
 Swipe of the sword-blade. Soon they apprised of this
 The foremost folk-thanes, the fighting-men rousing,
 Told the mead-weary wassailers the morning-terror,
 The horrible sword-play. Soon, as 'tis told me,
 The slaughter-doomed men from their sleep upstartd,
 And [mournful-mooded ones]¹ in multitudes hastened
 And thronged to the tent of the monster of evil,
 250 Olofernes ; their only design
 Was to show their lord they were loyal thanemen,²

The pursuit.

*The Assyrians
 throng to the tent
 of their leader,
 but are afraid to
 awake him.*

¹ Our text has a gap here ; but we follow the emendations of Sweet, C., Gr., and others.

² We follow the G.-W. text, *hyldo* not *hilde*.

- Ere the terror of battle burst down upon him,
 The Hebrews' onset. All of them weened, now,
 That the atheling of earls and the eminent woman
 Were together yet in the gorgeous pavilion,
 Judith the lofty and the lecherous-mooded,
 Fierce, evil one ; of earls there was no one
 So bold as to wake that war-chief from slumber,
 Or would e'en ask then how the armored warrior
 260 Had agreed and decided¹ with the servant of God,
 The immaculate woman. The mighty host came, then,
 The folk of the Hebrews, fought valiantly
 With keen-edgèd cutlasses, 'quited with sword-blades
 Their quarrels-of-old, with edges a-gleaming
 Their long-standing hate ; Assyria's glory
 From the work of that day waned mightily,
 Her pride was humbled. 'Round their atheling's tent
 Stood, then, the warriors, stirred exceedingly,
 Mournful-mooded. Lamenting together,
 270 They, one and all, then, wailed (?)² mournfully,
 And, God-forsaken,³ gritted their teeth, then,
 Writhing with wrath ; their riches and prowess,
 Their glory was gone. The grieving warriors
 Thought to waken their lord : they little sped at it.
 Weary of waiting, one of the liegemen,
 A dauntless earlman, dared, then, to enter
 The tent of the mighty one, as need urged him :

¹ My reasons for differing at this point from C., Gar., and others, can be found in a long footnote to my *Translation of Beowulf*, p. 55; we have practically the same idiom.

² Other readings are *stormed, groaned, blustered, coughed, cleared the throat*. All are conjectural. — Br. says, in regard to their waking H. up: "Too much is made, at this crisis, of this poor motive"; but we cannot accept this dictum. The poet wishes us to see how much H. was feared and hated even by his own people, and thus increase our disgust.

³ Most authorities translate as above ; but B.T. renders *destitute of all good things*. The same difference of opinion exists as to *Andreas*, line 406. See note 1, p. 76.

On the bed found he ghastly lying
 His gold-friend gracious who had given up life-joys,
 280 Shorn of his spirit. Shivering fell he
 To the earth speedily, wretched-mooded,
 His hair tore he, and his raiment together,
 And this word did speak to the warrior-liegemen
 Who anxious and sad without were standing :
 " Here we read plainly our ruin impending,
 Betokened as imminent, that the hour approacheth,
 That day of darkness, is drawing a-nigh us,
 To lay down our lives ¹ and lose them together,
 Fall in the battle : felled by the sword,
 290 Our lord lies headless." Lorn-mooded, threw they
 Their weapons away, weary in spirit
 To flight betook them. On their track followed
 The war-host mighty, till well-nigh the whole of
 The enemy's army lay humbled in battle,
 On the victory-plain, hewed down with edges,
 To please the wolves and for pleasure to all the
 Ravenous birds, too. The survivors fled, then,
 The shields of the hated ones. Hot on their trail came
 The throng of the Hebrews adorned with victory,
 300 In grandeur and glory ; God was helping them
 With outstretched arm, almighty Ruler.
 With falchions a-flashing, they fearlessly onward,
 The unquailing conquerors, carved out a war-path
 Through the force of the foemen, felled battle-shields,
 Fought through the phalanx ; the fighting heroes were
 Bitterer for battle, braves of the Hebrews ;
 Thanes of that era thirsted no little
 For the onset of armies. To the earth fell there
 Well-nigh the whole of the host of invaders,
 310 Leaders and liegemen of the land of Assyria,
 The loathèd folk : few ever came of them

One warrior ventures in, and finds his captain's gory body.

He predicts the utter ruin of the Assyrian army.

God fought for Israel.

¹ In the A.-S., ll. 287 and 288 are defective : we have filled in according to the emendation of Gr., Sweet, C., and others.

The Hebrews
gather rich booty
on the battle-
field.

Alive to their homes. Came the nobly-bold back,
Folk-troops faring, to the field of the dead, then,
'Mid the seething slain; soon to the land-dwellers
Was occasion given to strip from the loathed ones,
From their foemen-of-old on the field dead there,
Battle-spoils bloody, bright-shining jewels,
Shields and broadswords, their brown helmets,
Precious treasures. Gloriously had they

- 320 On the field of battle their foes all beaten,
Their old-time enemies had the excellent home-guards
Soothed with the sword's-edge: they slept in their tracks
now

Who were in life loathest of all living races
'Neath the high dome of heaven. Then the whole people,
Preëminent race, for all a month's space,
Curly-locked¹ conquerors, carried and led
To the glorious city, gleaming Bethulia,
Helmets and hip-swords, hoar-grayish burnies,
Brave ones' battle-gear embellished with gold,

- 330 Ornaments grander than any man living,
Though never so wise, could name or could tell of;
So much did the men-of-war mightily 'complish
Bold under banners on the battle-field gory
Through the wise, clever counsel of Judith,
Mood-valiant woman. For her meed brought they,
Spear-brave earlmen, from the journey fetched, then,
Holoernes's battle-grim blade and blood-gory helmet,²
His war-burnie spacious and splendid, sparkling and shining
And red with its gold, and all that the ruler of heroes,
340 Arrogant, of treasure did own or of heirlooms a-precious,
Of rings and rarest of gems, they this to the radiant Judith,

Judith receives a
generous share of
the spoils.

¹ 'Curly-locked' is a stock epithet as applied to the fair *women* in A.-S. literature; but, this time, the poet may be actually describing the race, as their hair is frequently wavy.

² These long lines are thought by some to mark passages of unusual elevation and sublimity. About fifty of them occur in this poem. See pages 8, 9, 17.

To the wise-of-counsel did give.¹ For all this gave, then,
Judith

Glory to the Lord God of Hosts, who had given her honor,
Worship 'mid men of this world, and, likewise, reward in the
heavens.

**Meed in the mansions of glory, for keeping unminished her
faith**

On the Almighty fixed for aye; forsooth, at the end she
doubted not

The reward that she long had wished for. For this to the
well-lovèd Lord God

Be glory for ever and ever, who made the air and the wind,
Firmament and far-spreading wolds, and, likewise, the foam-
dashing waters²

The poet's dox-
ology.

350 And the raptures of heaven by his own great mercy.

¹ We are told in the Book of Jud. that she presented this as an offering to God.

² Br. remarks that the introduction of this passage in this connection shows how deep the passion for nature was in the hearts of our early poets.

THE PHŒNIX.

[This beautiful allegory is generally regarded as one of the finest products of the Anglo-Saxon poetical genius. It is less known to the cultivated, non-technical student than several other poems of our early literature; and one aim of the present volume is to supply this deficiency, and put this noble poem before that kind audience who have listened patiently to our earlier experiments in the Old English field.

As to the high literary merits of the *Phœnix*, there is no dissenting voice. Sweet says that it has "all of Cynewulf's grace and harmony of thought and language." Brooke and ten Brink speak of it in terms of high praise; and Professor J. W. Bright, who has studied the poem in all its phases, says: "In grace and simplicity of style, in the elaboration and clearness of figure, in lyric beauty, and in richness of description, this poem must be classed with the best productions of Anglo-Saxon times."

As to the authorship, there is more diversity of opinion. Brooke and ten Brink attribute it to Cynewulf [A.D. 725 (?)—c. 800 (?)]. Sweet thinks that there is "little doubt" that he wrote it. Professor J. W. Bright, on the other hand, says that "it is almost certainly not to be attributed to Cynewulf." Gaebler, a German scholar, after an exhaustive study of its vocabulary, phraseology and grammatical structure, assigned it to him; while a detailed and laborious study of its metres led two other scholars, Cremer and Mather, to a contrary conclusion. More recently, Professor Edward Fulton, an American scholar, after weighing carefully and sifting the arguments of the three last named, and studying the poem on the side of style, decides against its Cynewulfian authorship.

It is quite generally thought that the poem belongs to the Northumbrian cycle, and to the "school" of Cynewulf.

Most scholars think that the Anglo-Saxon poet took his subject from the Latin poem *Carmen de Phœnice*, attributed to Firmianus Lactantius, who was tutor to Crispus, son of the Emperor Constantine the Great, and whom Jerome speaks of as a poet. (This Latin poem can be found in Bright's *Anglo-Saxon Reader*, pp. 189-193.) Our poet, however, if he used this poem, expanded, embellished, glorified it. The poem of Lactantius has 380 lines; his, 677. Lactantius tells us of the fabled bird of the east that rose from its ashes; the old English poet, starting with this fabled bird and its delightful land, tells

us of the Christian who, refined and purified by fiery trials, rises from his ashes to a new life here and a life of immortal joys in the world to come, and also of the Divine Phoenix, who soars high through the heavens followed by throngs of blissful and triumphant spirits of just men made perfect.

Our poet may never have read or even heard of the poem attributed to Lactantius. The Phoenix legend, or saga, is almost as old as the human race. A fabled bird, under various names, was familiar in ancient Egyptian hymns and incantations as the symbol of the sun. Herodotus made it well known to the Greek imagination. Pliny, Tacitus, and others tell us that it was no stranger to the Romans. St. Ambrose and Bede show us how the great bird captured the imagination of the early church, and was regarded as a symbol of the Sun of Righteousness, who arose with healing in his wings.¹ Certainly no subject could more readily have inspired a pious poet of any era of English literature.

The complete Anglo-Saxon text is readily accessible in Bright's *Anglo-Saxon Reader*, and less so in the Grein-Wülker *Bibliothek*, Vol. III, pp. 95-116. One of the choicest passages is given in Sweet's *Anglo-Saxon Reader*.

Translations are not accessible; a few fine passages are rendered with grace and beauty in Brooke's *Hist. of Early Eng. Lit.* (See index).]

In legend and lay, I have learned that eastward
Far away hence is the fairest of countries
Known to the races. That region of midearth
'Neath the arch of the ether not ever is reached of
Folk-leaders many, but is far sundered
From ill-doers evil by All-Father's power.
'Tis a beauteous expanse, resplendent with pleasures,
'Mid odors fragrantest that earth ever breatheth:
Peerless is the island, the Creator noble,
10 Most mighty, lofty, who that land established.
There ever and aye eminent melodies
Await the redeemed, heaven's gate open.
'Tis a delightful land, there living-green forests
Stretch far under heaven. There nor rain nor snow,
Nor breath of the frost, nor blast of the fire,
Nor fall of the hail, nor bite of the rime,
Nor the sun's heat weary, nor ceaseless chill,

The poet describes the
Happy Land
where the
Phoenix lives.

¹ Is the prophet Malachi (iv: 2) referring to the promised Messiah under the figure of the fabled bird of the east?

- Nor warm weather, nor winter's shower,
 May anywise injure, but ever the place is
 20 Blessèd, perfect : that noble land
 Bloometh and blossometh. Nor boulders nor mountains
 Do steep stand there ; no stone-cliffs precipitous
 Tower aloft, as here so oft,
 Nor dales nor vales, nor darksome caverns,
 Nor mounds nor hills, nor slopeth¹ there ever
 Aught of ruggedness : but the excellent plain
 Blossometh under heaven, blooming joyous :
 30 As wise men of old in their books have told,
 From research have written, that region glorious,
 That beauteous land, is a twelve-fathom higher
 Than the loftiest heights that lift their heads up
 High heavenward here 'neath the welkin.
 Placid the plain is, the pleasant forest,
 The bright grove, gleameth : glorious blossoms,
 Fruits, never fall there ; but, foliage-clad,
 As God-Father bade, the trees stand ever.
 Winter and summer, the wood ever is
 Laden with blossoms : the leaves never
 Fall to the earth there, no fire shall injure them
 40 Forever and ever, till the end of the world shall
 Come in the ages. As the ocean's might,
 The tumbling currents, once covered the earth o'er,
 O'er the round world rolled, wrapping and folding it
 In their big embraces, when this beauteous plain,
 This spacious expanse, spared by the waters,
 Stood firm 'gainst the flood of the far-dashing billows,
 Blessèd, unmarred, through the mercy of Heaven :
 So it bideth blooming till the blaze cometh
 Of the day of the Lord, when graves shall open
 And the dark caverns of heroes their dead shall surrender.

The Flood did
 not injure this
 land.

¹ BT. = *Nor does aught unsmooth rest there.*—Gr. = *noch erhebt sich da unsüsses irgend.*—Br. = *lean, incline, slope ; we follow him.*—Lactantius has *nec tumulus crescit.*

- 50 In that land of bliss, no foe harasseth,
Nor tears nor trouble, no token of sorrow,
Age, penury, nor death the narrow,
Nor the loss of life, nor the loathed foe's coming,
Sin, dissension, sore tribulation,
No wrestling with want, of riches no lack there,
Nor sorrow, nor sleep,¹ nor sickness grievous,
Nor the winter's storm, nor the wind's raging,
Bleak under heaven, and the biting frost
Not any one striketh with icicles freezing.
- 60 There hail and hoarfrost from heaven fall not,
Nor windy cloud, there no water falleth,
Lashed by the air : but living streams,
Fairest of fountains, freely gush there,
Laving earth's bosom with billows of loveliness,
Winsome waters from the wood's-heart flowing,
Which sea-cold bubble from the bosom of earth as
The moons move on, compass anon
The whole wood grandly : 'tis the Lord's behest that
This land of glory the beautiful waters
- 70 Shall twelve times traverse. The trees bend there
With fruits fairest : there fade not ever
Holy under heaven the holt's ornaments,
Fallow blossoms fall not to earthward,
The wood's garniture : but wondrously there
On the boughs ever the branches are laden,
Oft and anon new fruit blossometh,
On the grass-plain green, glorious in verdure,
- 80 Stands the fairest of groves decked joyously

¹ That the A.-S. poet is inspired partly by the last two chapters of the book of *Revelation*, the reader need not be told; but it may be mentioned that the poets have apparently *inferred* that there is to be no sleep in heaven, since there is no night and no sin. — For an interesting discussion of the passage before us (l. 56), see articles by Professors J. M. Hart and A. S. Cook, *Modern Language Notes*, May and November, 1899. — Lactantius does not mention 'sleep,' but "sleepless carca."

By the might of the Wielder. The wood is nowise
 Shorn of its beauty, where the blessed fragrance
 Is diffused o'er that joy-land ; that ne'er shall be changed
 Forever and ever, till All-Knowing God
 Who erstwhile created shall that old-work demolish.

II.

The guardian of
 the wood.

The ward of that wood is a wondrous-beautiful,
 Fleet-winged bird Phoenix entitled.
 There the feathery hermit hath his lone dwelling,
 Brave bideth¹ there : in that blessed place
 Death shall ne'er injure him while the earth standeth.
 90 He must watch and ward the world-candle's² journey
 And go forth greeting God's bright lantern,²
 The glittering jewel,² gladly watching
 When the noblest of stars² climbeth the heavens
 From the east shining sheen o'er the waters,
 The All-Father's old-work² in ornaments gleaming,
 God's bright token.² The stars are hidden,
 Gone 'neath the ocean off to the westward,
 Bedimmed in the dawn, and the dark night lurid
 Fleeth the firmament : then, the Phoenix bird,
 Mighty of motion, marketh the ocean,
 The great bird 100 Exultant of wing, watcheth the mountain-stream,
 watches the sun. Eagerly looketh aloft when there cometh
 Up from the east o'er the ocean gliding
 The Lord's bright lantern lavishing lustre.
 So the noble bird remains at the fountain,
 Brilliant in beauty, bides at the water,
 Where twelve times the glorious one bathes in the current,
 Ere God's bright beacon glides o'er the earth-ways,

¹ Some high authorities treat *drohta* (l. 88) as a substantive; others, as a verb. We follow the latter.

² The A.-S. poet draws freely upon his stock of epithets for the sun.

- The torch of the ether, and as oft quaffeth he
 110 Ocean-cold draughts from those excellent fountains
 • When he dips in those waters. His wave-sportings done,
 To a tall tree-top he betaketh him proudly
 Where most easily eastward he is able to watch
 The sun's journey when the taper of heaven
 O'er the boiling billows brilliantly glimmereth,
 Luminous with lustre. Lands are embellished,
 The world made beauteous, when the bright gem of
 glory
 O'er the ocean's paths, through earth and her regions,
 Grandest of stars, the ground illumines.
 120 As¹ soon as the sun o'er the salt-streams riseth,
 High overtow'rth them, the tawny-winged bird
 Glorious leaves the tree of the forest,
 Through the firmament flieth on fleet wing upward,
 Chanteth and singeth as he soars heavenward.
 The bird's demeanor² is so comely and pleasing,
 His spirit inspired, then, sparkling with joyance ;
 More wondrously raiseth he the tones of his music,
 His glorious voice, than the children of men
 E'er heard under heaven, since high-ruling God,
 130 Wielder of Glory, the world founded,
 The earth and the heavens. The sound of his voice is
 Sweeter, more beautiful than song ever uttered,
 Winsomer far than any of melodies ;
 Nor trumpets nor horns can equal that music,
 Nor the harp's harmony, nor heroes' voices
 Any on earth, nor organ's melody,

Such music is
 never heard
 among men.

¹ Commenting on the passage ll. 120-144 in our text, Br. says, "I wonder that there are still folk who think that there is no poetry in early England."

² We have followed BT. and Gr., though the context, by expatiating upon the tones of the bird, might justify us in translating '*cries*'; i.e., '*The cries of the bird are so beautiful*,' etc. Moreover, Lactantius dwells with great emphasis upon the "song," "voice," etc.

Nor bagpipe's notes,¹ nor swan's feathers,²
 Nor any harmony that Heaven created
 For men's merriment in this mournful existence !

- 140 So sings he and chants with joys blissful,
 Till the sun southward sinks 'neath the welkin :
 He listeneth in silence, his head bowing, then,
 Wise, firm-mooded, and his fleet pinions
 Thrice fluttereth : the Phoenix is silent.
 Twelve times ever, the hours marketh he
 Of day and of night. So the bird is the forest's
 Dweller and denizen deemed, that he enjoyeth
 The place at his pleasure, its plenty, riches,
 150 Its life and delights, the land's ornaments,
 Till the guard of the grove hath gone through a thousand³
 Of this world's winters. 'Neath the weight of age, then,
 The dusky-feathered one droops for a season,
 Old, aged one : the excellent bird, then,
 Flieth away, the green earth leaveth,
 The fields blossoming, to find him a spacious
 Kingdom of earth where not any of men have
 Home and fatherland. There, high over bird-kind,
 Mighty, illustrious, dominion he wieldeth,
 160 'Mid that folk preëminent, and awhile along with them
 The waste places wardeth.⁴ Then, west goeth he,
 Mighty of motion, with many years burdened,

In this secluded
 spot, he stays
 long as king of
 birds.

¹ Our translation follows quite closely the G.-W. text; but this passage (136 (b)-137 (a)) is rendered differently by some scholars; e.g., *organ's tone, song's melody; nor organ's tone, nor harmonious lay; nor the organ tone, nor the singing of the sackbut*, etc., etc.

² The swan's singing his death-song is familiar; but the singing of the feathers is unusual. For valuable note, see Bright's *Anglo-Saxon Reader*, p. 228.

³ Bri. and some others say *thousands*; but Lact. has *mille*. Also cf. l. 364, below.

⁴ Gr. construed *him* (l. 160) as sing., and *weardaſ* (l. 161), as plu., and translated: *a while with him they inhabit the waste places*. *Weardaſ*, however, is a sing., and its subj. is *he* (l. 158).

- On fleet wing flying, the feathery tribe
Throng the noble one : each of them fain
Would be liegeman and thane to the illustrious atheling,
Till he himself seeketh the Syrians' land
With the greatest of retinues. Thither the pure one
Hies him hurriedly, and holds in the shade,
In the grove inhabits, a gloomy, desolate
170 Place that is hidden from heroes a-many,
Where in a lofty tree, he lives in the forest,
A firm-rooted tree 'neath the dome of the heavens,
Which folk on the earth Phoenix entitle
From the name of the bird. The renowned Glory-King,
Creator of Earthmen, I ever have heard,
Hath that tree granted that it and it only
Of all trees on earth upward a-towering
Bloometh most beauteously : nor blight nor blast
180 May anywise harm it, but, ever protected,
It abideth uninjured while the earth lasteth.

God blesses this
tree for the bird's
sake.

III.

- Then, the wind lulleth, the weather is calm,
The pure gem of heaven holy shineth,
The clouds disperse, the expanse of waters
Do stand still there, the storms utterly
Soothed under heaven, from the south shineth
The weather-torch warm, for world-folk beameth :
Then, the bird in the boughs his building beginneth,
His nest fashioning ; he must needs speedily
190 Old age quicken by ardor of spirit,
His youth renew. From near and from far, then,
He gathereth and gleaneth the goodliest of winsome
Plants and wood-blooms up in his dwelling-place,
Each excellent odor from herbs fragrant,
From sweet things on earth that the Sovereign of Glory,
The Creator of all things, on earth fashioned

The Phoenix now
gathers the
choicest plants
and herbs, and
builds a nest.

- For the honor of earth-folk. Up to that tree, then,
 200 He early beareth the excellent treasures ;
 The wild bird 'gins, then, to build in the desert
 In a tall tree's boughs a biding-place lovely,
 An abode beautiful, and abideth therein,
 Far aloft liveth, in the leafy shade
 Batheth and steepeth his body and plumage
 On all sides fully with odors holy,
 And the noblest blooms and blossoms of earth.
 He sitteth there anxious and eager for the journey,
 When, in the summer season, the sun at its hottest
 210 O'er the shade shineth, sheen gem of heaven,
 Fulfils its destiny¹ and the world surveyeth :
 His home grows hot through the heat of the sun, then,
 The herbs warm up, the excellent dwelling
 Breathes and exhaleth the sweetest of odors,
 And the bird with its nest through the fire's clutches
 Burns in the blaze : the bale-fire is kindled ;
 Then, the blaze embraces the abode of the sad one,
 Is cruelly busy,² the yellow flame
 Eats it, and the Phoenix ancient of days
 In the fire burneth. Then, the blaze swalloweth
 220 His frail body, his life departeth,
 The doomed one's spirit, when the death-fire burneth
 His flesh and his bones. There shall come again, nathless,
 In the lapse of the years new life to the Phoenix.
 Again thereafter, the ashes begin to
 Gather together, when the great fire is over,
 A ball fashioning, when fully consumed in
 The flame's grapple the greatest of nests is,
 The brave one's abode : his body cooleth,
 His bone-house is broken, and the blaze subsideth.
 230 From the pyre's ashes, thereafter appeareth

The nest and the
 bird are con-
 sumed in the
 flame.

¹ This peculiar phrase is literally taken from the A.-S., and is so rendered by Bri., Gr., BT.

² Grein says, *Das Feuer ist im Zuge*; we follow BT., and Bri. glossary.

The image of an apple¹ issuing marvellous,
Whence a worm¹ waxeth wondrously beautiful,
As if forth from an egg it had sprung into being,
From a shell, beauteous ; in the shade groweth it,
Till at first it resembleth a fair young bird,
The chick of an eagle ; then, on liveth it
Longer in life-joys, till it is like in form to
The old eagle, and thereafter anon is

The regeneration
of the bird begins.

The stages of its
growth.

240 Brilliantly blooming : then, the bird (?)² waxeth
Youthful again, is from sins parted,
Like as³ one beareth the fruits of the earth
Homeward at harvest, health-giving nourishment,
For life's sustenance, at the time of the reaping,
Ere winter approacheth, lest the pouring rain-storms
On the earth injure them ; thereafter, plenty,
Board-joys they find there, when frost and snow
With might overmastering mantle earth's bosom
250 In the garments of winter ; from those fruits afterward
Must earth-folk's riches be reaped, harvested
By the sprouting of grain, which springeth from pure
Seed erstwhile sown, when the sun's radiance,
The symbol of life, in the spring season

¹ This is only one of the numerous forms that this legend assumed during its long course through Egyptian, Roman, and mediæval periods. — Lact. has *seminis instar*.

² *Bræd* (l. 240) is not understood. We follow Gr.'s translation, and the conjecture of Bri., J. R. C. Hall, and others.

³ We here enter upon an unusually long, labored simile ; so long, indeed, that the poet can hardly maintain his equilibrium. Several eminent textual critics have tried to patch up this passage ; but the results are not yet entirely satisfactory. We have kept close to the G.-W. text, but found Bri.'s punctuation more helpful than W.'s — The *Beowulf* poet, whoever he is, seems to break down in the middle of a simile about as long as this. Cf. Hall's *Trans. of B.*, pp. 82-83, note. — The *Phoenix* poet is clearing the way to tell us that the bird is the symbol of the new life in the Christian soul ; but first he must exhibit him as "the symbol of the sun."

The regeneration of the Phoenix is compared to the growth of the grain, which "is not quickened except it die."

Folk-wealth awaketh, so that the fruits of the land,
The earth's ornaments, by their own germination
Are brought forth thereafter: so the old bird waxeth
Young after years, his youth reneweth
With flesh again furnished. No food taketh he,
Naught to eat on earth, save only a portion
Of honey-dew¹ tasteth he, which at midnight often
On the blossoms falleth: thus the fearless bird
His life feedeth till his former dwelling-place,
His own home, again, thereafter seeketh he.

IV.

Then, proud of his plumage, with plants surrounded
The bird is now grown, his life renewed is,
Young, full of gifts, in the ground seeks he
His agile body which the blaze had erst eaten,
The leavings of fire collecteth together,
270 With skill gathereth the bones that had crumbled
In the fire's fury, and fetcheth together
Early thereafter ashes and bones,
The pyre's remnants, and with plants surroundeth
The spoils of the slaughter² splendidly garnished.
He is ready to look for his own land again, then,
The leavings of fire with his feet seizeth,
With his claws clutcheth, and his country once more
His sun-bright seats, seeks joyfully
His happy home. Wholly renewed, then,
280 Are his life and his plumage, as at first he had them,
When God all-glorious in the beginning placed him

Phoenix is himself again.

¹This has sometimes been rendered as *mildew*; but, as that would not bring up pleasant associations, we adopt the conjectures of J. R. C. Hall, Bri., and others. The Latin has *ambrosios caelesti nectare rores*, which the A.-S. poet puts into one word. Probably 'nectar' is the word we need.

²*Wæl-reaf* (l. 273). BT. says '*exuvias suas*,' Gr. *Leichenraub*. J. R. C. Hall and Bri. say *spoil of the slain*.

In that noble region. His bones there, then, .
Which the fire's fervor in flame on the barrow
Had eaten, brings he and the ashes together :
Then, the bones and the embers all on that island
The brave one burieth. Back to life cometh
The sun's symbol,¹ when the sheen heaven-torch,
The gladdest of gems, from the east shineth
290 Up o'er the ocean, orb preëminent.

Phoenix is in front fair to look upon,
His bosom embellished with a blending of colors :
On the back of his head, green and crimson²
Blend together in beauty and harmony.
The tail of the bird is beautifully mingled,
Brown and purple, with splashes of brightness
Beauteously embellished. The bird's wings are
White at the tips, his neck green both
Above and beneath, and his neb glisteneth
300 Like glass or gem, his beak fair to look on
Within and without. His eyeball (?)³ is strong,
In form and in shape a stone resembling,
A glittering jewel, when in golden vessel
By the craft of the smiths 'tis set cunningly.

The bird is described in detail.

¹ The clause **Bið . . . segn** [287(b)-288(a)] has long perplexed editors and translators. The MS. has **þegn**, retained by Grundtvig and Gr. If **bið him edniwe** be rendered *is himself again*, then the whole clause = *the thane of the sun is himself again* (when his lord, the sun, appears, etc.). Cf. l. 165, where the birds wished to be his thanes and servants; now he is the sun's thane. This exegesis enables us to keep close to the MS. Thorpe and Ett., however, suggest '**segn**,' which W. and Bri. adopt. Now, Tacitus and others speak of the Phoenix as "the symbol of the sun," and **þære sunnan segn** would exactly represent that epithet. Adopting this, the clause would read, "*The symbol of the sun is himself again*," etc., etc. Gr. in his *Dichtungen*, gave a very free translation.

² **Wurma** (l. 294) is variously glossed *purple, crimson, scarlet, purplish red*. Color words are very vague in A.-S.

³ It is not certain whether the whole ball of the eye or merely the pupil is meant. Gr.'s translation and lexicon differ; the latter takes the A.-S. word as an abstract noun = *nature-of-the-eye, power-of-sight*.

His neck encircling, like the sun's halo,
Is the brightest of rings woven of feathers.
Beauteous his belly is, bright and gleaming,
Marvellous sheen. The shield, above, on the
Back of the Phœnix is joined with ornaments.

310 The legs of the bird are with scales covered,
His fallow feet. The Phœnix is wholly
Lovely to look on, likest the peacock
Blooming in bliss, as the books tell us.
The bird is not slow, sluggish of motion,
Inert, indolent, like others of bird-kind
Which on dull, numb wing move through the air :
But he is quick and swift-going, exceeding agile,
Beauteous and winsome, marked with glory :
Eternal is the Prince who happiness giveth him !

320 Early thereafter, he his old haunts seeketh,
From this land flieth, to that fair place hieth.
As the bird soareth, is seen, then, of earthmen,
Of folk not a few, far through middle-earth,
They assemble themselves from southward and northward,
From eastward and westward, eagerly thronging,
Come from far and near in numberless multitudes,
Where the Creator's gift they do all see, now,
In the bird clearly, as the King of Victories
In the beginning gave him a goodlier nature,

330 More excellent ornaments, than others of bird-kind.
Then, men o'er the earth marvel and wonder
At his beauty and form, and their books¹ tell us,
On tablets of marble mark with their hands, too,
When the day and the hour to earth folk showeth
The swift-flier's ornaments. Myriads of birds, then,
From far and near flock in multitudes,
From all sides moving, in the air raise

Multitudes
throng to see the
great bird.

His coming is
made a matter of
record.

¹ Some read *gewritum* (l. 332) = *in books tell us*. We follow our text, based upon the MS.; the meaning is the same in both cases. The Egyptians, Romans, and others wrote no little of this wonderful bird.

340 Their pæan of praise, with puissant voices
Laud the great hero, and wheeling in midair
Encompass the holy one : in the midst, Phoenix
Is surrounded by throngs. Races look on, now,
Bewildered wonder how the willing retinue
The wild bird worship, in wide multitudes
Proclaim him lustily, and as king honor
The liegelord belovèd, lead joyfully
The atheling homeward, till the eminent hermit
Swift-wingèd fleëth, till the throng of rejoicing ones
No longer can follow him, when the pride of multitudes
From this earth soareth, his own land seeking.

V.

350 So the blessèd Phoenix, his death-hour over,
His dear old home once again seeketh,
That land of delight ; lorn of mood, then,
Back from the brave one do the birds turn them
To their land once more, when the mighty atheling
Young is at home. High God only
Knoweth his nature,¹ omnipotent Ruler,
Whether woman or man : this wot not any
Of all men of earth but the Creator only,
In how marvellous a manner he made this creature,
360 How great the decree that gave him his being !
There the blessèd bird may in bliss enjoy his
Home and the currents that course through the forests,
On that beauteous plain the bird may remain
A thousand of winters : then, his life's end cometh ;
The pile covers him through the blaze of the fire :
Yet, wakened marvellously, he cometh to life
Once more wondrously. So, when, wan and drooping,
He death dreadeth not, its dire agony,

God alone
knoweth the
mystery of his
birth.

¹ Some render 'sex,' but we follow Bri.

He does not fear
death, knowing
that he shall rise
again.

370 Who knoweth ever that renewal of life shall
The flame's fury follow assuredly,
Life after death, when in bird-form he riseth
Early thereafter from his ashes springing,
Reneweth his youth 'neath the shelter of heaven.
He is son and sire to himself, and is heir
Forever thereafter to his old inheritance.
The mighty Maker of Man granted him
To live so wondrously his life again over,
380 Covered with feathers, though the fire had swallowed him.¹

VI.

The Christian,
also, shall rise
from his ashes.

So each saint seeketh, after sore tribulation,
Life everlasting 'mid the Lord God's chosen,
Through the darkness of death,² that, his days here over,
He the gracious gifts of God may enjoy in
Rapture unending, and forever and ever,
As a meed of his labors, live in glory.
This bird's nature may well be likened to
The elect servants of the dear Lord Jesus
390 Here under heaven, how, through the help of the Father,
They keep in this world their joy unfading
In these days of danger, and undying glory
In the celestial land lay up forever. —
The Almighty, we have heard, by his marvellous power
Made man and woman, and placed them in earth's
Choicest region, which the children of men
Paradise call, where no pleasure failed them
While they minded to keep the command of the Eternal,

The poet tells of
the fall of man.

¹ From this point the poet draws on his imagination and Christian symbolism.

² The A.-S. is *dark death*. On line 52, above, the phrase *the narrow death* is used. The great poet-laureate's words in *The Two Voices* may be paraphrased: No sound man that breathes with Anglo-Saxon breath hath ever truly longed for death.

- 400 The word of the Holy One, in their new delight.
 There the old-foe's envy injured them bitterly,
 The arch-fiend's enmity, who offered the tree's
 Fruit for food to them, that foolishly both of them
 Ate of the apple, angering God,
 Forbidden things tasted. There bitter grief to them
 Came from that eating, to their offspring proved it,
 To their sons and daughters, a sorrowful banquet :¹
 Their busy² teeth were bitterly punished
 For their guilt grievously ; they had God's anger,
 Bitter agony ; anguish suffered
- 410 Their offspring afterward for eating that morsel
 'Gainst God's command. So, mournful in spirit,
 Their delightful home they must leave, abandon,
 Through the serpent's hatred, when in days ago
 He our grandparents beguiled artfully,
 With treachery foul, so that far away thenceward
 They sought a sojourn in that sorrowful death-vale,
 Dismal dwellings. The dear life of rapture
 Was hidden in darkness, and the holy places
 Were shut fast in their faces, through the foeman's cunning
- 420 Many weary winters, till the Wielder of Glory,³
 The Joy of Mankind,³ by his coming hither
 Again opened them, Comfort of the Weary³
 And the Only Hope,³ to all his holy ones.

Like a faithful
 homilist, he tells
 of the Only Hope
 for sinful men.

VII.

And most like this, as men of learning
 In words do tell us and writings inform us,

¹ Symbol (l. 406) was rendered as an adv. by Gr. in his translation. BT., Bri., and others treat it as a noun = *banquet*.

² Idge (l. 407) is not understood. We follow BT. — For a helpful note, see Bri., p. 228.

³ These parallelisms are a regular feature of A.-S. poetry, though we do not often have as many as four together. Of course these refer to Christ.

As this aged bird
leaves his home,
and goes to an-
other land to find
new life,

Is this bird's journey, when aged he leaveth
His own land and country and old is waxen,
Departeth sorrowful oppressed with winters,
Where the grove's shelter lofty he findeth,
430 And therein buildeth, of herbs and branches
Noblest that are known, a new place of dwelling,
A nest in the grove : he greatly desireth
That young once more he again may receive through
The fire's burning life after death,
May renew his youth and his old haunts visit,
His sun-bright seats set out to look for,
When his fire-bath is finished. So our first parents,
Our elders of old, gave up, abandoned
The land of delight, and left behind them
440 Their dwelling of glory, went a long journey
Into hostile ones' hands, where hateful ones often,
Accursèd creatures, cruelly harassed them.
There were many, nathless, who with holy practices
Heeded under heaven the behests of the Father,
With glorious deeds, so that God smiled on them,
Great King of Heaven, with gracious approval.
The high tree is this that the holy saints now
Have their pure homes in, where hateful ones nowise
Are able with poison to injure his people,
450 With token of treachery, in that time of great peril,
Where by deeds illustrious the Lord's good warrior
His nest fashioneth 'gainst every oppression,
When alms giveth he to the poor and the needy,
To all wretched ones, and for aid on the Lord God,
On the Father calleth, forth hasteneth,
Atones the offences of this fleeting existence,
Its deeds of darkness, and the dear law of God
Holds firm in his bosom, his prayers seeketh¹
With pure, clean thoughts, and his knees oft bendeth

so our first
parents had to
leave theirs in
Paradise, and
seek a home
among enemies.

The faithful
Christian is ..
building his nest
in a high tree.

¹ We follow BT. and Bri. — Gr. has almost the same translation : (*er*) *Zum Gebet sich wendet.*

- 460 Noble to earth, all ill deeds fleëth,
 All foul offences, for the fear of the Lord God,
 Strives eagerly to do the most of
 Good deeds and gracious : God shieldeth him
 In all of his ways, Wielder of Victories,
 Lord God of Hosts. These are the herbs, then,
 The blooms of the plants, which the blessed Phoenix
 From far and wide doth fetch under heaven,
 Brings to his biding-place, where he buildeth his nest soon
 All fast and firm 'gainst foemen's oppressions.
- 470 So the heroes of heaven his behests follow
 With mood and with might in their mortal dwellings,
 Fame-deeds perform : the Father almighty will
 Assuredly give them blessed requital.
 From these herbs, dwellings shall hereafter be built them
 In the city of glory, their good works rewarding,
 Seeing they held to his holy commandments,
 And love the dear Lord with unlagging ardor
 By day and by night, fervent in spirit,
 With faith luminous the Belovèd One choosing
- 480 'Bove the wealth of this world : they ween not of happiness
 By long living this life so fleeting.
 Thus, the blessed man doth bliss eternal,
 A home in the heavens, with the High-King eminent
 Earn valiantly, till the end cometh of
 His measure of days, when death off-taketh
 Each one from life-joys, eager-toothed warrior
 Armed with his weapons,¹ and to earth's embraces
 Speedily pusheth the perishing bodies
 From their souls sundered, where, 'neath the sod mouldering,
- 490 They shall long remain till the last fire cometh.
 To the Great Meeting² shall many be led, then,

His good deeds
 are the pleasant
 herbs with which
 he encompasseth
 himself.

¹ Literally, *The warrior greedy for slaughter (and) armed with weapons.*
 This is thoroughly characteristic.

² The gathering of the nations at the Day of Judgment is conceived as a
 great Gemot, summoned by the Great King.

The Day of Judgment.

Of the race of mortals : the Father of Angels,
 Very-King of Victories, shall convene an assembly,¹
 Lord God of Hosts, shall judge in righteousness.
 All men of earth out from the grave, then,
 Shall come once more, as the King almighty,
 The Angel-Prince, summons them o'er sea and o'er land,
 Saviour of men, at the sound of the trumpet :
 500 Then, death the dark is done for the blessed
 By the might of the Lord God : the noble ones come
 In multitudes pressing, when this present world,
 Sinful and guilty, is consumed in shame,
 Eaten in flame. Each one waxeth, now,
 Frantic with fear, when the fire swalloweth
 His fleeting possessions, the flame ravenously
 Devours earth's riches, the embossed gold-work
 Eagerly graspeth, greedily swallows
 All the land's ornaments. At that open hour, then,
 510 This bird's token,² beautiful and joyous,
 Is plain to the eyes of all humanity,
 When the might of the Lord all things restoreth,
 From burial-barrows the bones gathereth,
 The body and members and the guest of the fire³
 At Christ's footstool : the King gloriously
 From his high seat in heaven on his holy ones shineth,⁴
 Grand Glory-Gem. Good for the man who
 At that sorrowful season is received of the Father !

¹ See footnote 2, p. 35.

² This means: *The symbolical character of the bird . . . is manifest to all men, etc.* **Tacen** (l. 510) is a popular word in the homiletic literature, and is used in this poem frequently.

³ We follow the G.-W. text, and the translations of Thorpe and Gollancz. Other readings are: (1) *life's guest*; (2) *life's spirit*; (3) *the flame's spirit*.

⁴ This idea is repeated in ll. 590-591, below.

VIII.

There the bodies of saints from sins set free, then,
 Speed joyfully, spirits return to
 520 Their caskets of clay, when climbeth the fire
 High to the heavens. Hot is for many
 That fearful fire, when, affrighted, trembling,
 Each soul of earthmen reënters its body,
 Both of saint and of sinner, ascendeth the tomb
 To the Judge's doom. The fire rageth,
 Burneth wickedness. There the blest redeemed ones,
 Their agonies over, shine out in their good works,
 In their own actions : such the excellent plants,
 The herbs a-winsome, that the wild bird Phoenix
 530 On every side encircles his nest with,
 So that quickly ablaze it burneth, flameth
 'Neath the sun suddenly and himself therewith,
 And, the flame-burning over, he receiveth his life back
 Anew and afresh, then. In robes of flesh, then,
 Are all men reclad, most comely, youthful,
 Who of their own will here bring it to pass that
 The great Glory-King granteth them mercy
 At the solemn assembly. Then, sanctified spirits,
 540 The souls of the saints, sing in unison,
 Lift up their voices, elect, holy ones,
 In choruses chant the King's praises,
 Go up to glory gleaming in beauty, and
 With good deeds fragrant. Refined from dross, then,
 Are the souls of men, made sweet and pure¹
 Through the purging of fire. — Let no one believe,² now,
 Of all men on earth that *I* am fashioning
 With words that are lying this lay of the Phoenix,

The Resurrec-
 tion.

Blessed are the
 dead that die in
 the Lord.

¹ Other readings are : *brightly adorned ; glänzend geklärt*. Ours is a free translation, but rests upon high authority. — The poet believes in purgatory, and refers to it naturally.

² The poet here strikes a personal, subjective strain.

[I am not utter-
ing poetical rhapsodies, but am
following Job, an
inspired singer.]

- Am writing rhapsodies ! you may read the prophecy,
 550 The songs¹ of Job ! Stirred in his bosom,
 Inspired by the Spirit, spake he out boldly,
 Adorned with honor, he uttered this word :
 " In the deeps of my bosom, I disdain not the thought
 That I shall choose in my nest my death-bed, and thenceward,
 Mood-weary man mournful depart on
 My long journey from past deeds unhappy,
 Covered with clay, to the clasp of the earth, and,
 My death-day done, through the dear Lord's goodness,
 Like the great bird Phoenix, shall find once more
 On rising again renewal of life-joys,
 560 Bliss with the Lord, where the belovèd throng do
 Praise the dear Father. I can never attain to
 The limit of life through the long ages
 Of brightness, blissfulness : though my body must moulder
 In the grave's gloom-vaults for glee unto worms,
 Yet the Lord God of Hosts, after the horrible death-hour,
 Shall my soul deliver and awake it to glory.
 A firm hope and faith ne'er fails in my bosom,
 Of perpetual joy in the Prince of the Angels."²
 570 Thus sang a seer in cycles of old,
 Spake sagaciously, God's messenger,
 Of his rising again unto life eternal,
 That we, in this era, might well conceive the
 Glorious token that the great bird Phoenix
 Through his burning brings us : the bones' fragments,
 The ashes and embers all he collecteth,
 When the fire is finished, in his feet, thereafter,
 The bird bringeth them to the abode of the Lord God,
 Out tow'rd the sun, where he afterward liveth
 580 Years numberless, renewed in form and

As the noble bird
gathers up his
ashes and bones,
and seeks the
presence and
society of his
god, the sun,

¹ *Utterances, prophecies*, some render. We follow BT.

² The poet paraphrases Job xxix. 18 and xix. 25, 26, 27, except that, in the former passage, he reads "Phoenix" where the K. J. Bible has "sand." See Bri., p. 228.

Wholly young again, where 'mong all that people
Not any can ever with ills threaten him.
So, now, after death, by the dear Lord's power,
Souls with their bodies journey together,
Like the blessed bird beauteously decked with
Excellent odors, in eminent rapture,
Where the faithful sun flashes in beauty
O'er hosts of the happy in the heavenly city.

so, after the
resurrection, the
souls of the just,
purified as by
fire, seek the
presence and
fellowship of
God.

IX.

- 590 There, high through the heavens, the holy Saviour
Brightly beameth o'er blessed spirits,
Beautiful birds in bliss exulting
Restored gloriously gladly follow him
In that land of light, elect spirits,
Forever and ever, where with evil and treachery
No false and impious foeman can harm them :
But they live there for aye in light apparelled,
Like the great bird Phoenix 'neath God's protection,
Grandly in glory. The good work of each of them
Brightly beameth in the blissful home
600 In the everlasting Lord's beloved presence,
In peace alway, like the light of the sun where
The glittering garland,¹ from glistening jewels
Wondrously woven, is worn on the head of
Each of the happy ones. Their heads shine, then,
Covered with glory ; the crown of the Lord
Excellent adorns each of the faithful
With lustre in the life where the long rapture
Endless and perennial not e'er diminisheth,
But they in beauty abide abundant in glory,
610 With the Father of Angels in ornaments fair.
They shall know in that land naught sorrowful,

After the Judg-
ment, Christ flies
through the air
followed by re-
joicing spirits.

The good deeds
of the righteous
shine brightly
forever.

The Joys of the
Blest.

¹ *Crown* would be more conventional; but, for the sake of alliteration, we follow BT.

Nor harm nor want nor days of contention,
 Nor hunger the hot nor horrible thirst,
 Nor age nor penury : the excellent King to them
 All good things giveth, where the great throng of spirits
 Laud their Saviour and the heavenly King's
 Greatness glorify, to God singing praises.

The peaceful throng, 'round the throne of the Father
 Holy in heaven wake harmonies mighty,
 Clear-sounding choruses ; in common with angels,

620 The blissful ones blithely bless the excellent
 Wielder of Worlds, with one voice crying :

"Peace to thee, true God, and perfect wisdom,
 And thanks be to thee enthronèd in glory

For every new gift and all of thy bounty,
 Immense, measureless is thy might and thy power,
 High and holy ! The heaven of heavens;

Father almighty, is filled beauteously,
 Splendor of splendors, with thy spacious glory
 Up 'mid the angels and on earth together !

630 Protect us, thou Author of all things ! thou art almighty Father
 God in the highest, Guardian of Heaven !"

Thus say the righteous ransomed from sin in

The city of glory, sing of his majesty ;

The host of the happy in heaven e'er raise

The Emperor's¹ praise : "Endless worship

Is his only forever ; he not e'er had beginning,

Commencement of might ! though, 'mong men in the earth
 here,

In the form of a child he was born and nurtured,

640 As man on this midearth, yet his mighty power

High o'er the heavens holy continued,

Undiminished his majesty ! though mortal agony,

Torment and torture, on the tree of shame

The Song of the
 Redeemed.

¹ The poet conceives of God as the divine Cæsar, or Kaiser. — In reading, we must project ourselves back into this early period when these words were not hackneyed by centuries of use, but were still filled with *august* meaning.

He was doomed to endure, he the third day following
The fall of his body¹ rose from the dead again
Through the help of the Father. So Phoenix betokeneth,
Young in the world, the God-Son's power,
When up from his ashes uninjured in form he
650 Leaps into life again. So our Lord and Saviour
Through the fall of his body afforded us help,
Life everlasting, as the lofty bird his
Wings filleth full of fragrant, winsome
Herbs of the forest, when eager for flying,
Earth-fruits delicious." Such are the words, then,
The songs of the saints (as sacred books² tell us)
Whose holy spirits aspire unto heaven,
In the joy of all joys, to the gentle World-Father,
Where to God for a gift the goodly fragrance
Of words and of works³ they willingly offer,
660 To the great Creator, in the glorious creation,
The life of light. Laud him forever,
World without end, give him honor and glory,
Majesty, dominion, in the mighty, celestial
Kingdom of heaven! He is rightly Sov'ran
Of the whole of the earth and all of the heavens,
Encircled with glory in the city of beauty.
The Creator of Light hath to us granted
To earn on the earth here his unending raptures,
By good deeds to gain glory in heaven,
670 Where we men are permitted the mightiest kingdoms
To seek and to hold, on seats alofty
Live in the delights of life and of peace,
To hold the homes of happy blessedness,
Have pleasures perpetual, see the peaceful, merciful

Even in heaven
the noble bird is
glorified as a type
of the risen
Christ.

The poet himself
praises God.

¹ We follow BT.

² Such men as Bede, St. Ambrose, and other allegorical writers of the church.

³ See Bible concordance under "savour," especially "sweet-smelling savour." Also cf. "the odor of sanctity."

Lord of Victories, look on him alway
 And his songs of praise unceasingly raise,
 Blessèd 'mid angels. Alleluia !

[The last eleven lines of the poem are part Latin and part Anglo-Saxon, which we have tried to represent below by leaving the Latin. Stopford Brooke suggests that possibly Cynewulf may have chosen to end the poem in this "fantastic way," instead of signing with runes as in some others.¹]

Hath allowed us graciously *lucis auctor*,
 In thiſ mortal life *mereri*²
 By deeds of goodness *gaudia in celo*,
 Where we men are permitted *maxima regna*
 To seek and possess, *sedibus altis*
 To live in the delights *lucis et pacis*,
 Earn the abodes *almæ*³ *letitiæ*,
 Have abundant blessings, *blandem et mitem*,
 Victory-Lord see *sine fine*,
 And laud him loudly *laude perenne*,
 Happy with angels. Alleluia.

¹ With all deference to this eminent scholar, I do not see the remotest connection between this way of ending a poem and Cynewulf's runic insertions, unless it should turn out that he has hidden his signature somehow, à la Donnelly, in the Latin.

² Some read *merueri*; one emendator, *meruisse*; another, *merere*.

³ Some read *alma*.

THE BATTLE OF MALDON,

OR

BYRHOTHO'S DEATH.

[This fine torso came near perishing by fire in 1731; but, fortunately, Hearne had copied it in 1726. It is now accessible to students in the Grein-Wülker *Bibliothek der Angelsächsischen Poesie* (Vol. I, pp. 358-373), and still more accessible in Sweet's and Bright's *Anglo-Saxon Readers* and in Crow's *Maldon and Brunanburh*. Our translation is based upon the Grein-Wülker text above referred to.

As to the merits of this ancient "ballad," as it is often called, there is great unanimity among scholars. We have elsewhere quoted an American critic as saying that, in this poem and Brunanburh, we hear the last full strains of the Anglo-Saxon harp. Sweet says: "Although the poem does not show the high technical finish of the older works, it is full of dramatic power and warm feeling." Professor J. W. Bright says: "In dramatic incident and in patriotic fervor, this poem is unsurpassed in Anglo-Saxon literature." The German scholar ten Brink says: "*Byrhtnoth's Death* is one of the pearls of Old English poetry, full, as it is, of dramatic life and of the fidelity of an eye-witness. . . . The style is simple, pithy, noble. . . . The idea of the *comitatus* and its heroic spirit retain their full strength and influence." Freeman characterizes it as "the longest and the grandest of our old songs."

Brief references to the battle or short accounts of it can be found in such easily accessible works as the *Encycl. Brit.* (s.v. Brihtnoth), the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, and *Henry of Huntingdon* (both in Bohn's *Library*), and in Gardiner's and Knight's histories of England; while more detailed accounts will be found in Guest's and Freeman's histories of England, and in ten Brink's *History of Early English Literature* (Bohn's *Library* or Kennedy's translation).

Translations accessible to the general reader have been made by Freeman (*Old English History*), and by Professor J. M. Garnett, an American scholar; and those who have access to more technical books of reference can find Sims's admirable translation in modern ballad measures, in the *Modern Language Notes* for May, 1892.

Maldon, the site of the battle, is a very ancient town, first mentioned in A.D.

913, when Edward the Elder encamped near it, to impede the progress of the Danes. It is still a municipal and parliamentary borough and seaport town of Essex, England, and is situated on an acclivity rising from the south side of the Blackwater, 44 miles northeast of London. (*Encycl. Brit.*, 9th ed.)

The origin of the song is ascribed by ten Brink to "one of the many battles with the Danes which shook England during the pernicious reign of the second Æthelred. A band of Normans (*i.e.* Northmen) under Justin and Guthmund, made, in the year 991, an incursion into the eastern coast of England, and, after plundering Ipswich, penetrated into Essex as far as Maldon on the Panta river. Near this town, the river divides into two branches; the southerly arm washes the northern declivity of the hill upon which Maldon lies. The Danish ships seem to have taken their position in this branch, while the warriors occupied the space between the two arms of the river. Then the East-Saxon ealdorman, Byrhtnoth, advanced from the north with a hastily collected band, and halted on the north arm of the Panta, on whose shores ensued the conflict celebrated in the song of *Byrhtnoth's Death*." (Kennedy's trans., pp. 92-93.)

This poem, though composed in a period of confusion and of metrical decline, is full of charm and of power, retaining no little of the ancient epic vigor, and is extremely valuable to the student of our early customs and institutions, because it brings vividly before us a typical Teutonic lord with his *comitatus*: he alights from his horse and fights valiantly among liegemen that he knows to be tried and trusty, and these, in turn, with the exception of a few branded by name as *nithings* and as infamous forever, would rather lie by their dear lord dead on the battle-field, than go home alive without their beloved leader.]

[The opening part being lost, this is very abrupt and obscure.]

* * * * * was broken ;

He bade each liegeman, then, leave his good charger,
Speed away far, forward advancing,

Trust his arms and armor¹ and his own mighty courage.

Then, the kinsman of Offa very quickly discovered
That the brave-hearted earl would bear with no cowardice ;
He let fly from his hands his fond-lovèd hawk, then,
Afar to the forest, faring battle-ward ;

From this one might know that ne'er would the younker

10 Quail in the conflict when he clutched his good weapons ;
And Eadric also would aid his dear captain,

¹ We follow BT. quite closely. Gar. says, *Be mindful of might*. Bri. translates, *Be active and of good courage*.

His folk-lord in fight ; forward his javelin
He bare to the battle : he was bold, resolute,
The while he in hand could hold, grapple
His buckler and broadsword : his boast accomplished he
When his time came to fight in his friend-lord's sight.

Early did Byrhtnoth egg on his liegemen, then,
Rode around rousing them, directing his warriors
How to stand sturdy and steady in battle,

Byrhtnoth encourages his warriors.

20 And bade them their bucklers boldly to grapple
Close in their clutches, unquailing, intrepidly.
When he fully had roused his folk-troopers' mettle,
From his steed he dismounted where he most desired,
Where his friends faithfulest he found on the battle-field.

On the shore stood, then, shouting sturdily
The vikings' messenger, called out fearlessly,
Who in flaunting words flung to the earl, then,
The sea-kings' message, where he stood on the shore :

One of the vikings brings an insolent message.

“The bold sea-farers sent me to thee,
30 Urged me to tell thee, thou early must send them
Rings for defence ; it is far better now
That the onset of battle ye buy off with tribute
Than that we deal dauntlessly death and destruction.
We need not grapple now if ye give us the treasure ;¹
For the gold gladly we'll give you a truce.
If thou counselest this who art chief of this war-band,
To ransom thy people and pay to the sailors,
Their goodwill to gain, the gold that they ask for
And establish truce with us, with the treasure gladly
40 We'll off to our sea-boats, o'er the ocean sailing,
Keeping the peace with you.” Quoth, then, Byrhtnoth,
His shield shaking, shouted defiantly,
Brandished his battle-lance, brave-mooded, angry,

Pay us, and we'll go away.

¹ This is a free translation of line 34 of the A.-S. *Gar. We need not each spill (destroy) if ye speed to this.* BT. *We need not destroy one another if you succeed in doing this.* Skeat translates the second clause: *If ye are good for that amount.*

Byrhtnoth scorn-
fully refuses to
pay.

Hurled him this answer : " Hark thou, sea-farer,
This people's response : spears for payment,
The poisonous point and piercing old battle-swords,
Those arms they will give you that ne'er 'vailed you in battle.
Messenger of the pirates, bear back this answer,

50 To thy people publish less pleasant a story,
That here stands an excellent earl¹ with his war-troop,
Who will fight for fatherland, the folk-land of Æthelred,
Land-prince beloved, will lay down my life for
This people and country : the heathen are doomed to
Bow in the battle. 'Twere base, methinketh,
That ye board your boats and bear off our tribute
With none hindering, since hither thus far ye
Through our own dear land now have adventured.

Instead of
money, we'll
give you the
spear and the
sword.

60 Not so easily ought ye to earn treasure now :
Spear-point and sword-edge shall sooner make friends of us,
Grim battle-play, ere we give any tribute."
Then his earls ordered he onward to fare,
Their bucklers to bear, till bold-mooded all of them
On the bank stood, then. Neither band 'gainst the other
Could cross o'er the current : there came a-flowing, then,
The flood after ebb-tide, the waters were mingled ;
No short time it seemed to them till their shafts were
a-clashing.

The two armies
are separated by
the river Panta.

Then, the waters of Panta they proudly (?)² encompassed,
The flower³ of the Essexmen and the fleet of the pirates ;
70 Not any could injure another, save haply .
Some earlman should fall by the flight of an arrow.
Ebbd the tide out, then ; eager the pirates were,

¹ Byrhtnoth is a typical English military leader of the A.-S. era. He was ealdorman (alderman) of the East Saxons.

² *Prass* (l. 68) is not thoroughly understood. It is often followed by an interrogation point in the books ; but in the passages cited by Sweet, BT, and others, it undoubtedly means *pomp*, *proud array*.

³ The word rendered 'flower' might mean *front-line* or *chief*, and is sometimes so translated.

Throngs of vikings were thirsting for battle.
Bade the shield of heroes a dauntless warrior
Wulfstan by name, brave 'mid his kindred,
The bridge to hold firmly : 'twas the bairn of Ceola
That felled with his dart the first man that dared to
Step on the bridge, most boldly advancing.
With Wulfstan¹ stood there war-heroes dauntless,
80 Ælfherè and Maccus, mood-valiant pair ;
At the ford they would flee not a foot's-breath, but rather
The foe facing firmly stood, then,
The while they could wield weapon and shield.
This quickly they saw, then, clearly perceiving,
That bridge-keepers bitter were blocking the way there :
The loathèd guests, then, 'gan to dissemble,
Asking, urging that onward, forward they
Might fare o'er the ford, their foot-troopers leading.
Then the earl of the Essexmen, overcourageous,
90 Was minded to grant too much of land to the
Loathèd people, the son² of Byrthelm
O'er the cold river shouted, heroes listened, then :
"Your way is clear, now : quickly come over,
Men to the grapple : God alone knoweth
Who the field falleth to." Forward advanced
The wolves of the battle-field, for water they cared not,
The war-host of pirates went over Panta,
O'er the clear currents carried their war-shields,
Their bucklers to the bank bare, then, the sea-dogs.
100 There the foe facing, firmly did stand
Byrhtnoth with his band. He bade them to form, then,
A war-hedge³ of battle-shields and the band to hold
'Gainst the foes firmly : then the fight was imminent,

Byrhtnoth, over-
confident, lets
the pirates cross
over.

¹ Freeman compares Horatius holding the bridge.

² *i.e.* Byrhtnoth.

³ The Anglo Saxons used this "war-hedge," or "shield-defence," a great deal; by means of it Harold kept the Normans back all day long until William resorted to a stratagem to break the phalanx.

The raven and
the eagle are
eager for prey.

- Glory in combat ; come was the hour
That doomed ones must die there. There was din, hubbub,
Around flew the ravens, the ravenous eagle :
On the earth uproar. Out from their hands,
They sent then a-flying file-hardened lances,
110 Bitter-edged battle-spears : bows were all busy,¹
Shield received ash-spear : the onslaught of battle
Was eager, vehement, earlmen fell, then,
In the dust dead there, down lay good heroes.
Wulfmaer lay prone, the kinsman of Byrhtnoth
Sought his slaughter-bed : he with sword's edge keen,
His sister's son,² was slashed in the battle.
To the men of the creeks requital was given :
Heard I that Edward hewed down one of them
With his falchion fiercely, refused not the blow,
That there fell at his feet the fated battle-knight ;
120 For this deed, his lord thanks rendered him,
When occasion was offered, honored his liegeman.
So stood staunch, then, strenuous-mooded
Earls in the battle ; eagerly thought they
Well-equipped warriors, who with weapon's-point first might
Stretch on the field some fated war-hero :
The dead bit the dust, then. Undaunted they stood ;
Byrhtnoth urged them, bade each of his thanemen
To brace up for battle, he who brave-mooded minded
To drive out the Danemen. Doughtily forward
130 Went, then, a warrior, his weapon uplifted,
His shield 'fending him, and fared tow'rds the hero :
The earl as fearlessly fared tow'rds the churl :
Each for the other evil was planning.
Sent, then, the seaman a southerly³ spear

Byrhtnoth's
nephew is slain.

A viking
"churl" attacks
the East-Saxon
"earl."

¹ The Teutonic warrior personifies his weapons.

² Freeman mentions the fact that a sister's son was held almost as near as a man's own son. This relationship is thought worthy of special mention in the ballad of Chevy Chase.

³ *i.e.* proceeding from the south. The Danish forces are to the south of the East Saxons.

That the lord of warriors was wounded in battle.
With his shield shoved he till the shaft crackled
And the battle-lance shivered till backward it sprang ;
The warrior was raging : he reached with his javelin
The proud-mooded pirate who had pierced him so sorely.
140 The warrior was skilful : his war-lance he drove, then,
Through the neck of the younker, his hand guided it
That the unlooked-for and loathed one from life sundered he.¹
Then, early thereafter, another shot he
That the battle-sark burst : in his breast he was wounded
Through his hauberk of iron, in his heart rankled
The poisonous point ; the more pleased was the earl,
Laughed, then, the noble one, the Lord God thanking
For the good day's work that the Wielder had granted him.
From his hand, then, a henchman hurled forth a battle-dart,
150 Let it fly from his fingers, till forward sped it
And the excellent earlman of Æthelred pierced.
By his side stood there a stripling-warrior,
A boy in the battle, who the bloody spear
From the brave one's body boldly did pluck forth,
The son of Wulfstan, Wulfmær the youthful,
Let the biting spear back again speed, then :
The point went in, to the earth felling
Him who erstwhile had ruthlessly reached his dear liegelord.
There went to the earl, then, an armor-clad man :
160 He would fain fetch away the folk-leader's jewels,
His embellished battle-sword, his burnie and rings.
Byrhtnoth drew, then, his brand from the scabbard,
Broad, brown-edged, on the battle-sark smote :
One of the seamen too soon hindered him,
When the excellent earl's arm he disabled :
The fallow-hilted falchion fell to the earth, then :
He no longer could hold the hard-edged sword-blade,
Could not wield his weapon. The word, then, uttered

Byrhtnoth is
wounded.

A pirate wishes
to rob the
wounded earl of
his jewels,
sword, and war-
mail.

The wounded
hero fights to the
death.

¹ Literally, *reached life on the sudden enemy*. The old A.-S. phrase *reach life is*, I am told, still used in whalers' dialect on our coast.

- The hoary hero-knight, his henchmen to cheer,
 170 Urged his good earlmen right onward to hasten :
 No longer on his feet could he firm stand, now,
 The earl looked heavenward, uttered this prayer :
 "Thanks do I render thee, Ruler of Nations,
 For the numberless joys I have known under heaven.
 Now, gracious God, my greatest of needs is
 That thou grant my spirit thy goodness and favor,
 That my soul soon may soar unto thee-ward,
 To thy care and keeping, King of the Angels,
 In peace go upward : I earnestly beg thee
 180 That horrible hell-fiends may not harm nor scathe it."
 The heathen knaves, then, hewed down the noble one,
 And both the braves that were by him in the battle,
 Ælfnōth and Wulfmār lay dead on the field, then :
 Along with their lord, they laid down their lives there.¹
 Then, they went from the battle who wished not to bide
 there ;
 The sons of Odda earliest fled,
 Godric off sped, the good one forsaking
 Who excellent steeds often had given him :
 He the horse leaped on that his lord had erst ridden
 In the housing and harness that he had no right to,
 And his brothers also both fled away,
 Godwin and Godwy,² gave up the battle,
 From the field fled, then, the forest did seek for,
 Sped to the fastness, their lives saving,
 And many more men than to me seemeth proper,
 Had they all remembered the many boons that
 He had oft done them to their honor and service.
 So Offa on a day erstwhile had told him
 On the place of assembly when he summoned the people,
- Byrhtnoth's last
 prayer.
- He dies.
- Nithings flee.
- The base Godric
 and his brothers
 run away; others
 follow.
- 190

¹ Compare line 294 of this poem : the two contain the very quintessence of Teutonic knight-hood, the loyalty of liegeman to his lord.

² The old poet holds up these three brothers to the utmost contempt of his hearers and readers; they are nithings forevermore.

- 200 That mighty proudly they had many things promised
Which in the storm and stress they would not stand up to.
In the dust dead, then, lay the dear-lovèd leader,
Earl of Æthelred ; all the good hearth-friends
Saw alas ! too well that their liegelord had fallen.
Went, then, forward the war-thanemen proud,
The high-hearted heroes hastened eagerly :
All of them wished, then, one or the other,
To lay down their lives or their lord to avenge there.
So the son of Ælfric egged them on boldly,
- 210 A stripling-earlman, exhorted his fellows,
Ælfwinè quoth, then, spake dauntlessly :
“ Remember the speeches we spake o’er the mead-cups,
When, on benches lolling, we bragged lustily,
Heroes in hall, of the hard-fought battle !
Who is true and trusty, we can tell soon, now.
My noble birth¹ to all I will tell now,
Of illustrious lineage in the land of the Mercians :
My honored grandsire² was Ealhelm entitled,
A wise alderman, abundant in riches.
- 220 Not me in the mote shall men ever sneer at,
That I from this army ever will hasten,
My land looking for, now my liegelord lieth
Fallen in battle ; ’tis the basest of evils !
He was not only my kinsman but also my lord.”³
Forth he fared, then, the feud forgetting not,
So that one of the sailors with his sword-point he pierced
through,
That he lay on the earth slain with his weapon ;
Then, his friends urged he on, battle-ward,

The brave Ælfwinè says, “ I shall never run away.”

¹ Ælfwinè is not boasting of his pedigree in the same spirit as some of our day ; but he means to say, “ I just can’t afford to run, because I have my family name and honor to maintain.” Some fine soldiers of our day tell us that the same considerations kept them from running away when times were warm.

² This may mean *ancestor*, though it is generally rendered *grandfather* here.

³ He has double claims upon me.

*Offa commends
Ælfwine, and
condemns
Godric.*

- 230 His fellows and comrades. Offa discoursed, then,
His shaft shaking : " Thou, sure, Ælfwinè,
Hast us all exhorted, earlmen fittingly :
Now our liegelord beloved lieth dead here,
The earl on the earth, to us all 'twere beseeching
That each one of us the other warrior
Embolden for battle, while broadsword and target
He may have and hold,¹ hard-edged weapon,
Spear and falchion. Godric, cowardly
Offspring of Odda, hath to all turned traitor :
Hence many a one weened when he mounted his war-horse,
- 240 His proud battle-steed, thought 'twas our liegelord ;
So here on the field our folk-troop was scattered,
Our phalanx disordered. His design perish,²
That he made so many men to forsake us ! "
Leofsunu spoke and lifted his war-shield,
His targe for protection, the trooper he answered :
" I make thee this promise, that I hence will never
A foot's-length flee, but further will onward,
Avenge in battle my dear lord and comrade.
Never at Sturmerè may sturdy war-heroes,
- 250 Now my friend-lord hath fallen, fling this taunt at me,
That my lord left I when he lay on the battle-field,
Went home without him : but the edge shall take me,
The point and the iron." Full angrily went he,
Fought fearlessly, flight never thought of.
Quoth, then, Dunherè, his dart shaking,
The simple-born swain³ said to his fellows,
Bade that each warrior take vengeance for Byrhtnoth :
" He cannot aught shrink now who is eager to avenge

*Leofsunu says
that he'll never
flee a foot's-
breadth.*

*Dunherè urges
the warriors to
avenge their lord.*

¹ (*To*) *have and (to) hold* is one of the oldest phrases in our language, and survives in the marriage ceremony in the Prayer Book.

² We follow the authorities; but the hemistich really means *plague take him!* or something stronger.

³ *Unorne* (l. 256) is more frequently rendered *old, aged*; but we prefer to follow BT., which says *simple, plain, humble*, etc. We see no reason for *old*.

- His lord on the folk, nor his life consider.”
- 260 Forward they fared, then, fearing death little :
The loving liegemen lustily fought, then,
The ash-bearers angry, and asked of the Lord God
Grim vengeance to grant them for their good old friendly-lord,
Death and destruction on the dire-mooded foemen.
Then, the hostage¹ heartily help did render them :
Of a staunch and sturdy stock in Northumbria,
The son of Ecglaf, Æscferth his name was :
In the onset of edges, not e’er did he flinch, but
Hurled from his bow an abundance of arrows ;
- 270 Now a shield shattered he, now he shot through a hero :
Oft and anon, an enemy pierced he,
While he could hold and wield weapon and shield.
At the front stood, then, Edward the long,
Ready, not afraid, he boastfully said
That he’d flee not a foot’s-length from the front of the battle,
Nor fall back farther, since his folk-lord was slain.
He broke through the battle-line and beat down the foemen,
For his ring-giver’s fall wreaking his vengeance
On the seamen gloriously, ere he sank on the battle-field.
- 280 And so Æthelric, excellent friend did,
Eager and on-mooded, he earnestly fought with
Sibert’s brother and many another,
They burst the battle-shield, bravely grappling :
The shield’s edge shivered, and the sheen battle-mail
A terror-song sang. Offa in battle
The seaman slew, then, that he sank to the earth,
And the kinsmen of Gadd the ground sought there.
Early in the onset was Offa hewn down, then ;
He had performed, nathless, what his friend-lord he promised,
- 290 As he had erstwhile boasted with his ornament-giver,
That back to the borough they both should ride again,

Several other
brave men are
named by the
poet.

¹ If we had the whole poem, we might know *why* and *to whom* the hostage was given. — I am inclined to believe that *se* is used with the value of *an* indefinite article here, as it seems to be occasionally elsewhere.

- All safe and sound or sink in the struggle,
 Die of their wounds on the red field of battle ;
 He lay like a liegeman by his lord's side, now.
 There was breaking of bucklers : battle-angry,
 The sea-farers forwarded ; the fated one's body
 The dart pierced often. Onward Wistan went,
 Thurstan's son, then, fought with the warriors :
 In the strife of the struggle he stretched out three of them,
 300 Ere Wigelin's¹ bairn in the battle had fallen.
 There was grim grappling, in the grisly encounter
 Warriors stood firm ; fighting-men perished,
 Sated with sword-wounds, the slain bit the dust, then.
 Oswold and Eadwold ever, incessantly,
 Both the brothers emboldened the heroes,
 Urged and exhorted all their kinsmen-friends
 In the storm and stress to stand sturdily,
 And like warriors wield weapon and shield.
 Lifting his linden-shield, loud spake Byrhtwold ;
 310 He was an old comrade ; his ashen-spear shook he,
 The bold-mooded battle-earls he bravely exhorted :
 " Our mind must wax braver, our mood become bolder,
 Our spirit grow sturdier, as our force² lessens.
 Here lies our liegelord low on the battle-field,
 Good in the dust ; he may grieve forever
 Who thinks now of turning his face from this battle.
 I am old and gray : I will not away,
 But along by my lord will lie on the field, now,
 In the dust dead here by so dear-loved a man."
 320 So the son of Æthelgar did them all encourage,
 Godric, to fight : oft flung he a javelin,

As our numbers
diminish, the
survivors must
wax braver.

Not the base
Godric who ran
away.

¹ Wigelin seems to have been another name for Thurstan, l. 298, above.

² Scholars are divided as to the meaning of *mægen*, (l. 313). Freeman and Bri. translate *strength* ; while ten Brink, Sweet, BT., and Gr. prefer *force*, *forces* (*exercitus*). — In either case, the idea is heroic ; but it seems to us that Byrhtwold is arguing that, as some have been killed and some have fled, the rest must wax braver, etc.

A lance launched he 'gainst the loathèd vikingmen :
So at the front of the folk he fared valiantly,
Lashing and slashing, till he sank in the struggle.
'Twas not the foul Godric who had fled from the battle —

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BATTLE OF BRUNNANBURH.

[This spirited battle-song is found in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, under the year A.D. 937, and has long been familiar to Englishmen in Tennyson's translation.

The original is accessible to students of Anglo-Saxon in Bright's *Anglo-Saxon Reader*, in the present writer's appendix to Baskervill and Harrison's *Anglo-Saxon Reader*, in Crow's *Maldon and Brunanburh*, and less accessible in the Grein-Wülker *Bibliothek der Angelsächsischen Poesie*, Vol. I, pp. 374 ff. Upon this last text the following translation is based.

Scholars and critics differ somewhat as to the merits of this old poem. Stopford Brooke, the eminent author of the *History of Early English Literature*, characterizes it as "a war-song written when poetry had decayed, but which has attained a high reputation because its happens to be one of the few pieces of Anglo-Saxon poetry known to Englishmen." Ten Brink, a German authority in the same field, says: "The poem lacks the epic perception and direct power of the folk-song, as well as invention. The patriotic enthusiasm, however, upon which it is borne, the lyrical strain which pervades it, yield their true effect. The rich resources derived from the national epos are here happily utilized, and the pure versification and brilliant style of the whole stir our admiration." Guest, in his *History of English Rhythms*, says, "The song which celebrated the victory is worthy of the effort that gained it." Professor F. L. Pattee, a most competent American critic, says: "In this poem and the one on the battle of Maldon, we catch the last full strains of the Anglo-Saxon harp."

Details of the battle can be found in many books easily accessible; e.g., Green's, Freeman's, Knight's, Gardiner's, and Hume's histories of England, and some references in the *Ency. Brit.* (see general index); also in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* and the *Chronicle of Henry of Huntingdon* (Bohn Library). Some of these have to be read cautiously, as the names, the facts, and the translations are often inaccurate.

Prose translations can be found in ten Brink's *History of Early English Literature* (Kennedy's translation), and in the Bohn editions of the *Chronicle* and of *Henry of Huntingdon*, and in Freeman's *Old English History*. A line-for-line translation can be found in Professor J. M. Garnett's *Elene*. All

these are now accessible to students of literature. The translation by Tennyson, already referred to and found in all complete editions of his works, is really a re-creation of the poem, remarkable and charming in itself, but more rapid and precipitate in movement than Anglo-Saxon verse.

The site of Brunnanburh is not known. Freeman says, "Somewhere in the north, but no one knows exactly where." Bosworth, the antiquarian and lexicographer, says, "About five miles southwest of Durham, or on the plain between the river Tyne and the Browney."

The details of the battle are given in most of the books already mentioned. We quote from two accounts: "In the year 937, was fought the battle of Brunanburh—a battle that involved more important interests than any that has ever yet been fought within this island. It was indeed a battle between races. . . . Round the banner of Athelstan were ranged 100,000 Englishmen, and before them was the whole power of Scotland, of Wales, of Cumberland, and of Ireland under Anlaf, King of Dublin, led by 60,000 Northmen." (Guest.) "Five Danish kings, seven earls, and the son of the King of Scots, were killed, while Constantine (king of Scots) and Anlaf escaped. Then Athelstan and Edmund (the Atheling, his brother) went back in triumph to Wessex." (Freeman, except the parentheses.)

This poem and the *Battle of Maldon* are often spoken of as Anglo-Saxon ballads.]

Athelstan king, ruler of heroes,
 Ring-lord of earlmen, with Edmund his brother,
 The atheling, aiding him, earned in the battle
 Unending glory with edges of sword-blades
 At¹ Brunnanborough; they battered down the shield-wall,
 The scions of Edward swept down linden-shields
 With leavings of hammers; 'twas, in sooth, fitting
 Great earls' offspring that oft in battle 'gainst
 All their enemies they their own land should fight for,
 10 Their homes and their treasures. Foes bit the dust, then,
 Folk of the Scots and men of the waters, too,
 Fell fated there: the field ran red² with the

King Athelstan
 and his brother
 Edmund lead the
 Saxons against
 the invaders.

¹ The prep. *embe* is, by different lexicographers and translators, rendered *near*, *by*, *at*, *round*.

² *Dennade* (l. 12) is variously rendered *became slippery*; *became firm*, *smooth*; *resounded*; *was stained*. Ours is a free translation and, like the rest, conjectural.

The men of
Wessex and
Mercia do their
duty.

- Blood of the brave, when the beacon of heaven
Upmounted at morning, the marvellous orb,
When clear-bright on high the candle of God, the
Lord everlasting, luminous glided,
Till the beauteous being in his abode settled.
On the ground prone lay good heroes many
From darts dead there, doughty northerners,
20 And Scotchmen in shoals o'er their shields wounded,
War-sated, weary. The Wessexmen onward
With the flower of their folk-troop followed the track of
The hated people the whole day through, then ;
With keen-edged cutlasses close in the rearward they
Mowed down the fugitives. The Mercians refused there
Fierce battle-play to few of the heroes that
With Anlaf, o'er the ocean's angry commotions,
Had come to their country on the craft's bosom,
For the fight fated. Five young kings, too,
30 Soothed with the sword's-edge slept on the battle-field,
Licking the dust there, and likewise seven of the
Earls of King Anlaf, an army numberless,
Seamen¹ and Scotchmen. The Norse leader, then,
Was in flight driven ; from direst necessity
With a handful of henchmen hied to his ship's-prow ;
The craft seaward bounded, the king departed,
On the fallow flood fled for his life, then ;
There the aged one also, old Constantinus,
To his home northward hurried and scurried,
The hoar-headed warrior needed not to boast of
40 The clashing of weapons : kinsmen lost he,
Was of friends fleeced, too, on that field of destruction,
Was beaten in battle, his bairn leaving
In the dust dead there, done for with spear-points,
Young in the combat. Of the clashing of swords
The grizzle-haired hero little could boast,

Anlaf and Con-
stantinus flee for
their lives.

¹ The gen. plu. *flotena*, proposed by Ett., clears up this passage.

Old and crafty,¹ nor Anlaf the more :

'Mid the remnants of slaughter they had small need to laugh,
now,

To brag they were better in battle-encounters,

On the field of combat, in conflict of banners,

50 The mingling of lances, the meeting of troopers,

The wrangling of weapons, when they rashly clashed with

The royal bairns of Edward on the red field of carnage.

In their nailed ships, then, the Norsemen departed,

Dreary leavings of darts over Dyng's waters (?),²

O'er the floods foaming faring to Dublin,

Chapfallen pirates, chased back to Ireland.

And both brothers, then, blithely together soon

Came to their country, king and atheling,

Boasting of battle back to West Saxonland.

60 Behind, left they, to prey on the fallen,

The sable-suited one, the swart raven,³

Crookèd of beak, and the dusky-coated,

White-tailed eagle, to eat at the feast, too,

The warhawk greedy and that gray beast, too,

The wolf in the weald. Worse slaughter of

Folk on the field few ever heard of

Erst on this island with edges of swords done

As far as the books say, writers of eld,

70 Since eastward hither the Angles and Saxons

Up o'er the ocean came over to Britain,

Since the proud war-smiths o'er the Britons triumphed,

The earls greedy for glory gained them a country.

The Norse
pirates flee across
the water toward
Dublin.

¹ Our rendering follows BT.; the form *inwitta* (l. 46) has puzzled scholars. Possibly it is a gen. plu. limiting *eald* = *old in his tricks, guile*.

² *Dyng* may be a man's name, or the phrase may mean *the sea of noise*; cf. modern *ding-dong*.

³ In the heroic poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, the eagle, the wolf, and the raven are regular attendants of the battle.

ANDREAS,

A LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.

[This is one of the most important monuments of the Anglo-Saxon era. Brooke devotes fifteen or more pages to it in his *History of Early English Literature*. Kemble, Grimm, Grein, and others in foreign countries have studied it laboriously, and edited it, and Baskervill and Cook, among our own countrymen, have edited it either in full or in part.

In some aspects, *Andreas* is closely allied to the heroic poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, reminding us of *Beowulf*; in others, it is highly typical of the religious poetry of the oldest English period. Jacob Grimm said that, next to *Beowulf*, *Andreas* and *Elene* are the oldest and most instructive productions of Anglo-Saxon poetry.

The authorship and date of *Andreas* are both unknown. Grimm suggested Ealdhelm, bishop of Sherborne, who lived about A.D. 700. Grein, Deitrich, ten Brink, Gollancz, and others have assigned it to Cynewulf, who is thought to have lived in the eighth century. Sievers, Fritzsche, and Brooke think this poem was written by some imitator or follower of Cynewulf, which would probably put it in the early part of the ninth century. Professor Thomas Arnold regarded it as a West-Saxon poem of the eighth century.

The most definite theory of authorship is this: *The Fates of the Apostles* (Gr.-Wülk. *Bibliothek*, II, pp. 87-91) is the epilogue to the *Andreas*, and contains the signature which Cynewulf put in *Elene*, *Christ*, and *Juliana*, and the lack of which has kept scholars hitherto from feeling certain of Cynewulf's authorship. Brooke, after weighing all the arguments brought to bear by Gollancz to support this theory, dismisses it as "a happy suggestion," but not proved.

The source of the legend is the *Acts of Andrew and Matthew* in the *Acta Apostolorum Apocrypha*. An Anglo-Saxon prose version of the legend can be found in Bright's and in Baskervill and Harrison's *Anglo-Saxon Readers*. Zupitza's theory is that both the prose and the poetical versions are based, not upon the Greek, but upon a lost Latin translation of the Greek legend. This theory is quite generally accepted by scholars.

The "schauplatz," or scene of action, is generally thought to be the modern Crimea, known in ancient times as the Tauric Chersonesus. In that land, long

famous for savagery, St. Matthew was held captive, and St. Andrew was sent to his assistance from Achaia, thought by high authorities to have been on the eastern coast of the Black Sea,

The complete text of the *Andreas* is easily accessible in Professor W. M. Baskervill's edition in the *Library of A. S. Poetry* (Vol. III), and less accessible in the Grein-Wülker *Bibliothek der Angel. Poesie*, Vol. II, pp. 1-86. The editions of Thorpe, Kemble, and other early editors are not within the reach of the general reader. A fine extract of about 375 lines is given in Cook's *First Book in Old English*.

Few translations are accessible. Grein's German translation and Kemble's in English are rare. Very accessible, however, is Mr. R. K. Root's version in decasyllabic blank verse. Choice passages are well rendered by Brooke, in his monumental work often mentioned in this volume.

The story is as follows: Matthew is in prison among the Mermedonians, a race of cannibals, who are waiting impatiently for his appointed day to come. To Andrew, who is laboring in Achaia, the command is given by God to go to his brother's (*sic*) aid. After parleying with the Almighty, Andrew goes to the seashore with his disciples, where he finds a vessel all ready and manned by three sailors. They agreed to take him and his disciples to Mermedonia with them. Long conversations take place between Andrew and the principal sailor, who is none other than God himself, though the apostle does not know it. Andrew is miraculously fed, and, after sailing a considerable distance and meeting stormy weather, he and his young men are miraculously transported to Mermedonia, and laid by the city walls. Christ appears to him in the form of a young man, promises him support, and escape from the cannibals. Then Andrew enters the city, miraculously gains entrance into the prison, and rescues Matthew and two or three hundred other captives. The devil appears upon the scene, and stirs up hatred against Andrew. The apostle is reviled and tortured by the multitude and by seven devils, but is saved and restored to bodily soundness by God's intervention. By stupendous miracles, the cannibals are converted to Christianity. A church is built, a bishop consecrated, and a regular organization perfected among these once cruel and barbarous but now gentle and pious people. After a few days, the apostle bids adieu to his dear converts, who, weeping and wailing, follow him to the shore, and sing a doxology as he embarks on his journey to Achaia, where "he life-departure, violent death endured."]

The apostles,
twelve eminent
warriors, go out
to war.

One of them is
Matthew, who
wrote the first of
the four gospels.

Matthew is sent
to the country of
the cruel Merme-
donians.

I
apostles

Lo! ¹ of twelve eminent earls ² under heaven,
The Lord's liegemen, who lived in the yore-days,
We have learned ³ often : in onset of battle
They were mighty men of valor when banners were clashing,
After far they had parted, as the Sovereign of Heaven,
The Lord God himself, the lot ⁴ apportioned them.
They were men of renown, known o'er the earth far,
Brave battle earls and bold in the combat,
Highly-famed heroes, when hand and shield
10 On the blood-red field the helmet protected,
On the bloody field of battle. / The blessed St. Matthew
Was one, he who first 'mid the Hebrews recorded
The gospel in words with wonderful power ;
The holy Lord his lot 'portioned him
Out on that island where not any foreigner
Had e'er been able erstwhile to joy in
Home and happiness ; oft the hand of murderers
On the gory battle-field grimly harassed him.
That country was wholly compassed with murder,
20 Folk-stead of men, through the foe's treachery,
Home-land of heroes : in that hapless clime,
Nor abundance of bread blessed humanity,

¹ The interjection *hwæt!* quite frequently introduces poems of the epic genre in A.-S. literature; e.g. *Beowulf*, *Exodus*, *Dream of the Rood*, and *Juliana*. For metrical reasons, we translate it *lo!* but it might well be rendered in *truth, sure, indeed*.

² The poet regards the apostles as twelve heroes going forth to battle, under the leadership of their great Lord or Atheling.

³ *I (we) have heard (learned by inquiry)* is a common epic formula, found at the opening of several other poems of the epic class; e.g. *Beowulf*, *Phænix*, *Juliana*. It often occurs in the body of these poems, taking frequently the form *mine gefræge*.

⁴ In the homilies we read that the apostles divided the world into twelve parts, to be assigned by lot, and that each one (remained?) in that part which he got by lot.

Nor brooks of water : but blood and skin,
 The flesh of their fellows from far lands coming,
 They ate in that land. 'Twas their loathsome custom,
 That every and each incoming stranger,
 All who that island from without sought for,
 They gave to eat to all that were hungry.
 Such was the people's peaceless token,¹
 30 The savage ones' fury, that the sight of the eyes,
 The head-jewel precious, they put out angrily,
 Battle-grim foes, with the points of their javelins :
 Thereafter, magicians with their arts bitterly
 Mingled together a murderous potion,
 Which the mind of men, their mood, perverted
 In their inmost bosom ; so altered the mind was
 That they cared no more for men's enjoyments,
 Blood-thirsty heroes, but for hay and grass,²
 Weary ones, harassed by want and hunger.

The barbarous
 customs of these
 cannibals.

II.

40 The blessed Matthew to the borough came, then,
 To the city illustrious ; there was loud clamor
 Through all Mermedonia, a horde of wicked ones.
 A hubbub of hell-thanes, when the henchmen of Satan
 Heard early thereafter of the atheling's arrival.
 Then, adorned with spears, sped they to seek him,
 Under shields speedily, and the spear-bearers grim
 Lingered but little looking for battle.
 They both hands bound, then, of the blessed apostle
 And fastened them firmly by the foeman's cunning,

The natives are
 enraged at the
 apostle's coming.

¹ The word *tacen* (*tacn*), so popular with homiletic writers, is borrowed frequently by the religious poets. It occurs quite often in the *Phanix*.

² The effect of this potion seems to be the same disease common around the Adriatic Sea, and known as lycanthropy, possibly the form of insanity with which Nebuchadnezzar was afflicted.

- 50 Hellward-bound heroes, and his head's sun,¹ too,
 Put out with the edge of the sword. Nathless, in his inner-
 most heart,
 In his bosom praised he the Prince of the Heavens,
 Though the poisonous drink he deadly had taken,
 Blessèd, brave-hearted : he boldly 'gan, then,
 In words praising the Prince of Glory,
 The Guardian of Heaven, with holy voice from
 The depths of his dungeon ; in the deeps of his bosom
 Were Christ's praises imprinted firmly.
 Matthew, weeping, then, did with weary tears,
 60 With plaintive words, implore his Victory-Lord,
 The King of Men call on, with cries of sorrow,
 The kind Lord of Hosts, in words speaking :
 " Behold how these strangers their chain of malice,
 Their snares set for me ! incessant, tireless,
 I was ever eager in all things, thou knowest,
 To work thy dear will : woful in spirit,
 Must I do thy deeds now like the dumb cattle !
 To thee, Lord, alone are all thoughts known,
 Oh, Maker of Men, the mood in the bosom :
 70 If it be thy will, Wielder of Glory,
 That impious enemies, with edges of weapons,
 With swords kill me, I am now ready
 To bear whate'er thou, blessèd Creator,
 Bliss-Lord of Angels, to me exiled, wretched,
 Deed-Prince of Hosts, shalt deem best for me !
 Grant me graciously, God Almighty,
 Light in this life, lest, ere long, haply,
 Blinded in the boroughs, after bitterest sword-hate
 80 Through the insults and curses of enemies ruthless,
 I must longer bear the abuse and the scorn of
 Foemen detested ! On thee, Lord, alone,

The apostle calls
 upon God for
 help.

¹ Cf. l. 31, above, where eyesight is called *head-jewel precious*. These are thoroughly typical of the poetry.

Oh, Guardian of Earth, my mood-thought I fasten,
Fix my affections, and, Father of Angels,
Will beg thee this boon, bright Glory-Dispenser,
Not to assign me 'mid my savagest foes,
'Mid accursèd criminals, to the cruelest form of
Death on the earth, oh, Judge of the Heavens !”

III.

When these words were uttered, came an omen of glory
90 Holy from the heavens, hastening to the prison,
Like the sun in its splendor : 'twas seen clearly, then,
That the holy Heaven-King help was affording him.
Then, the Lord God's voice was heard resounding
Wondrous under heaven, the sound of the voice of
The Eminent Prince ; to his excellent liegeman,
The valiant one, offered he salvation and comfort
In tones sublime in the vaults of his dungeon :
“ My peace give I thee, precious Matthew,
On the earth ever ! be not anxious in spirit,
In thy bosom grieve not ! I will abide with thee
100 And free thy limbs from the fetters that shackle them,
And all the multitude remaining with thee
In cruel captivity. The kingdom of heaven,
Brightest of joys, is thy beauteous dwelling,
The happiest of homes is with holy might to thee
Opened glorious, where thou goest hereafter
To dwell forever in honor and rapture.
Bear the tortures of men ! the time is but short now
That with chains of torment treacherous foemen
May by crafty arts afflict thee sinfully.
110 The excellent Andrew, I ere long shall send thee,
To this heathen city, for help and for solace :
He will give thee relief from this grim persecution.
The time of thy torment and torture is brief, now,
No more, truly, than twenty and seven

God comes to the
aid of his apostle.

God promises to
send Andrew to
his assistance.

Thou shalt suffer
only twenty-
seven days
longer.

Of days, till cessation of sorrow be granted thee
With cares encompassed, till, crowned with victory,
Thou from grief shalt go under God's protection."
Went, then, the holy Helm of the Universe,
Creator of Angels, to the upper kingdom,
120 The realms of rapture : he is rightly King,
Unchangeable Lord of lands and of peoples.
The good man Matthew was mightily cheered, then,
Anew for the conflict. | Night's-curtain lifted,
Off-glided early : thereafter, the light came,
The march of the morning. | The multitude gathered :
The heathen hero-thanes hastened in throngs, then,
Their battle-mail rattled, they brandished their lances,
'Neath the cover of shields fiercely advancing :
They would fain learn, then, if the folk were yet living
130 Who, fast fettered and confined in the dungeon,
Had sometime abode in their sorrowful dwelling,
And which of them they first might from life-joys sunder
And slit into slivers when the set time came.
They had written in runic writing and figures,¹
Had blood-thirsty marked the men's day of slaughter,
When each should be eaten by all hungry ones
Of that ravenous race, be ruthlessly butchered.
They stormed savagely, surging, thronging,
Their cruel counsellors cared not for justice,
140 The mercy of God ; their mood often fell under
Dimness and darkness by the Devil's lore
When they trusted the might of beings accursèd.
They soon saw, then, the exceeding-wise,
Holy hero in the horrible dungeon,
Battle-famed biding what the bright King of Heaven,
Creator of Angels, thereafter would grant him.

¹ The Greek original says that, when the cannibals captured a stranger, they marked him in such a way that they might know exactly when his thirty days' respite expired. For the runic rhyme (= rime) in modern literature, cf. Poe's *Bells*.

Then, the time was past of the period allotted,
 The limit assigned, save three days only,
 As in runes written by the ravenous war-wolves,
 150 When they minded to break his bone-rings to atoms,
 Utterly to sunder his soul and his body,
 And deal out thereafter to older and younger
 The fated one's carcass as food for men, then,
 And feast refreshing : the flesh-eager war-thanes
 For the soul cared not, how the course of the spirit
 Might be ordained, settled, when death overtaketh !
 So the man-eaters met monthly, at intervals,
 Gathered together : they greatly hankered
 To slit into slivers and consume greedily
 160 The bodies of men with their blood-gory grinders.

In three days
 more Matthew is
 to be killed and
 eaten.

IV.

Then, the Mighty One minded who this midearth established
 With his strong right hand, how, 'mid strangers and foemen,
 He in wretchedness bided, bound, limb-fettered,
 Who, for love of him, from Hebrew tormentors
 Suffered, when stoutly he withstood the magic
 And arts of the Jews. Then, a ¹ voice sounded,
 Was heard out of heaven, where the holy man,
 Dear-lovèd Andrew, dwelt in Achaia ² ;
 170 He taught there eternal truth to the people.
 To him bold in decision, then, the blessèd Glory-King,

Christ has not
 forgotten his
 faithful thane.

Andrew receives
 a divine com-
 mand to go to
 Matthew's assist-
 ance.

¹ The article in line 167 is treated as definite by Grein, but we have always felt that it had the indefinite value. Cf. note, p. 53.

² Tradition says that St. Andrew labored in Scythia, Greece, and Thrace, and that he was crucified at Patræ, now Patras, on the Gulf of Patras. In the New Testament, and in post-apostolic days, *Achaia* was the name of all Greece outside of Macedonia; the Romans called Greece the province of Achaia. In line 1700, below, the poet says that Andrew suffered martyrdom in Achaia, and this, taken with the tradition above referred to, establishes a strong presumption that Achaia was not, as some assert, on the *eastern* coast of the Black Sea.

The Maker of Men, his mood-treasure opened,
 The Lord God of Hosts, in words thus speaking :
 "Thou shalt go, Andrew, my peace bearing,
 Come to a clime where cannibals ravenous
 Live in the land, by loathsome devices
 Hold their possessions. 'Tis their horrible folk-law
 To deny unto all aliens and foreigners
 Life in that land, when the loathed ill-doers
 180 In Mermedonia¹ meet with a friendless one :
 Death follows, then, foe of humanity.
 There, I know, languisheth thy brother victorious
 Fast fettered, now, 'mid the folk of that city :
 But three days more, oh, Andrew, and there
 By the hand-blow of heathen, his holy spirit,
 Ready to speed, thy brother shall yield up
 Through the spear's clutches, 'less quickly thou reach him !"
 Forthwith Andrew answer rendered him :
 190 "How can I, Lord, o'er the deep courses
 Accomplish the journey to the faraway shore,
 As soon as thou sayest, Sovereign of Glory,
 Creator of Heaven? Thy angel from above can
 Easily do this ! the ocean he knoweth,
 The salt sea-streams and the swan-road spacious,
 The wave-tumults and the terror of waters,
 The ways o'er the wide-lands : not well-known to me
 Are the earls of those far-lands, not anywise know I
 200 The hearts of the heroes there, and the highways of ocean
 O'er the cold currents, I ken but little of !"
 Eternal God answer did render :
 "Ah, Andrew, that ever thou wert able to prove thee
 So slow for the journey, nor eager to make it !
 It is, in sooth, easy for almighty God
 To 'comply on earth that the city come hither

Andrew urges
 that an angel be
 sent instead of
 him.

God rebukes
 Andrew for his
 lack of faith.

¹ This is generally thought to be in what is now called the Crimea, known in ancient history as the Tauric Chersonesus, and made famous in literature by Euripides and Goethe in the story of Iphigenia.

- And be set speedily in this selfsame region,
 'Neath the course of the heavens, the king's-seat eminent,
 210 And its men, if commanded by the mighty Glory-King.
 Thou in sooth canst not shrink from the journey,
 Nor in mood waver, if thou well resolvest
 To keep good faith with thy King and Defender,
 The token of truth. Betimes be ready :
 Thine urgent errand not an hour delay.
 Thou shalt 'compish the journey, and to the clutches of
 foemen
 Shalt bear thy life, where the clashing of weapons,
 The war-strength of warriors, shall well confront thee
 Through the heathen enemies' onslaught of terror.
 220 Forthwith, at the first flush of the morning
 As the day is breaking, by the sea's margin
 A keel climb thou, and on cold water
 Break o'er the bathway : my blessing bear thou
 All the earth over, wherever thou goest !"
 Set out, then, the holy Sovereign and Ruler,
 Creator of Angels, his own home seeking,
 Guardian of Earth, the eminent land where
 The souls of the righteous, after the body perisheth,
 In life eternal do rest from their labors.

God assures
 Andrew that he
 will reach the
 land of the Mer-
 medonians
 safely.

God returns to
 heaven.

V.

- 230 Then, the great mission was given in the borough
 To the noble warrior : naught wavered he,
 But was firm, resolute for the heroic achievement,
 Doughty, dauntless, no dastard in war,¹ but
 For the great strife ready, for God's fight steady.
 He went, then, at dawn, as the day first glimmered,
 O'er slopes sandy to the seashore faring,²

Andrew, the
 noble warrior,
 sets out on his
 great adventure.

¹ Lit., *not late for the battle*. We use a phrase made classic by Walter Scott.

² From the vigorous sea-phrases and the fine sea-scenes that occur in this poem, Br. and others have inferred and argued that the poet was either an old

He finds a ship
ready, and three
sailors aboard,
but does not
know who they
are.

- The bold-mooded brave and his battle-earls with him,
On the gravel going ; grumbled the ocean,
The waves dashed high : the hero was glad when
240 Brave-mooded found he a broad-bosomed vessel
At the seashore riding. Then, the radiant morning,¹
Brightest of beacons, o'er the breakers glided ;
From its hiding-place holy, the heaven-torch sparkled,
O'er the great deep shone. Shipmasters three, then,
He saw sitting there, sea-thanes eminent,
Earlmen courageous, eager for sailing,
In the vessel seated, as if o'ersea they had journeyed ;
'Twas the Lord of Hosts, Jehovah in person,
The Eternal, Almighty One, with two of his angels.
250 From their garb, seemed they sailors, mariners,
The earls were clad like carles of the ocean when
In the billows' embrace they are borne on their far-way
O'er the cold currents in keels journeying.
He who stood on the sand the three greeted, then,
On the seashore ready, said questioning :
" From what country come ye in your keel travelling,
In your ocean-speeder, ye expert mariners,
Lonegoing sailors ? ² whence did ocean bring you
260 O'er the mingling of waters ? " The Almighty responded,
But so ³ that the saint that sought for an answer
Wist not what speaker the man on the ship was
That he there talked with on the strand of the ocean :
" From the Mermedonians' faraway region

Andrew accosts
the sailors, and
asks whence they
came.

sailor, or lived near the sea, especially in Northumbria. Would not such a line of argument, however, rob the great poets of inventive genius and imagination ?

¹ The nature-phrases in this poem, as in other A.-S. works, go to prove that the great writers of the English race have usually been close observers of nature, and that eras in which the poetry ignores her are exceptional.

² We follow high authority here ; but others translate *ane ægflotan your lonely ship*.

³ *In such a way* that A. did not suspect that it was God. The Greek says, " Jesus was hiding his godhead."

We have hither been brought ; the high-prowed bark hath
Borne us with the billows o'er the broad whale-road,
The sea-stallion swift encircled with speed,
That long till we came to the land of these races,
By the waves driven, as the wind impelled us."

270 Andrew humbly, then, answer rendered him :

"I would ask and urge thee, though not any of rings,
Excellent ornaments, I am able to give thee,
On the lofty boat to bring us speedily
O'er the home of the whale on thy high-beaked ship to
that

He would fain go
with them, but
has no money nor
treasure to pay
his way.

Faraway folk ! The Father will 'quite thee,
If thou graciously aid us as we go on our journey ! "

The Guardian of Athelings again answered him,
The Creator of Angels, from his ocean-vessel :

"Of folk from afar, few can abide there,
Strangers and aliens not ever thrive there,

280 But all newcomers thither venturing
Suffer death soon in that city of darkness !

And wouldst thou, indeed, o'er the deep waters
Thy life lose now in that lair of destruction ? "

Then, the excellent Andrew answer rendered him :

"Great zeal urgeth us on to that country,

A fervent desire, to that far-famous city,

Most beloved leader, if thou'lt lend us thine aid

Gracious and good, as we go o'er the waters."

290 The Prince of the Angels answer vouchsafed him,
Saviour of Men, from the prow of his vessel :

"Gladly, freely, we'll bear thee along with us,

O'er the fish's bath to that faraway region

Thou would'st fain seek for, as soon as ye give in

Your fare,¹ and pay us the appointed tribute

That the masters, messengers,² demand o'er the ship's-side."

Though the
sailors tell him of
the terrors that
beset strangers
there,

he is anxious to
go.

¹ The Greek says *passage money*.

² Scholars differ as to the interpretation of this clause. Instead of *aras* (l. 298) some would read *ara*, gen. plu. with the verb *unnan*. Liné 296

VI.

- Andrew early, then, answered in words,
 300 Said to the sailor, sad, friendless one :
 " I've no plates of gold nor precious treasures,
 Nor riches nor food, nor spangles of wire,
 No land nor twisted rings, to kindle thy longing desire,
 Thy wish in the world, as in words thou sayest."
 Then, the Sovereign of Men, where he sat on the gangway,
 Answered Andrew o'er the ocean's surging :¹
 " What made thee resolve, dearest of comrades,
 To seek the precipitous sea-mountains perilous,
 The bounds of the oceans, and, utterly penniless,
 310 O'er the cold cliffs, too, climb on a vessel?
 Hast thou, for sustenance on the sea-paths spacious,
 No abundance of bread, nor bright, glimmering
 Drink² to strengthen thee? 'Tis a dire strain to him
 Who trieth the tedious tracks of the ocean !"
 Then, the excellent Andrew, answer rendering him,
 Wise in his wit, his word-treasure opened :
 " It behooveth thee little, since Heaven hath allotted thee
 Food and plenty and prospered thee greatly,
 To seek a reply proudly, haughtily,
 320 An answer with arrogance ! to each it is better
 That in kindly manner he the stranger greet
 And courteously meet, as Christ³ commanded us,

Wilt thou go on
 this voyage with-
 out food and
 drink ?

Andrew is
 wounded, and re-
 minds the sailor
 that he is to
 "entertain
 strangers."

would then mean, *So (then) the shipmasters will grant you honor(s) (or favors), etc.* — *Offer y^e bord* is doubtful also.

¹ We follow BT. C. suggests *the smiting of the shores*.

² The poet well knows that no " eminent earl " of *his* race would go off on a long voyage without " bright, glimmering " mead or ale or wine, or all three ; so he naively puts the same thought into the mind of the Divine Sailor. — So in lines 301 ff., the presents Andrew would like to bring are those that the A.-S. liegeman loved to receive from his lord.

³ The poet no doubt has in mind many passages of the New Testament such as, " *I was a stranger, and ye took me in* " ; " *Be not forgetful to entertain strangers* " ; " *Be pitiful, be courteous*." We have tried to keep close to the phraseology of the K. J. version.

Illustrious Lord ! We his liegemen-thanes are,
 Select battle-knights : he is rightly King,
 Creator and Governor of eminent glory,
 One eternal God of the whole creation,
 As with might unaided he all comprehendeth,
 Heaven and earth with his holy power,
 Supreme Conqueror.¹ He clearly commanded us,
 330 Father of all, bade us early go forth
 Into all the world, winning souls for him :
 ' Go ye through all the earth and her regions,²
 As far and wide as the water encircleth her,
 Or the fixèd plains lie near the roadway !
 Preach through the boroughs, o'er the bosom of earth,
 The glorious gospel ! I will guard and keep you.
 Nor jewels nor gems for the journey need ye,
 Nor gold nor silver : with gifts bountiful
 I will bless you abundantly, as best ye could wish them.'
 340 Thyself thoughtful canst hear of our journey, now :
 I must early find out what aid thou wilt render us."
 Then, the eternal God returned him this answer :
 " If ye are servants of him who exalted his glory
 O'er all the earth, as ye erstwhile told me,
 And have heeded heartily what the Holy One bade you,
 I will bear you joyfully on your blessed journey
 O'er the cold currents as ye crave earnestly !"
 The bold-mooded battle-earls on the bark mounted,
 350 Mighty men of valor : in each man's bosom,
 O'er the sea speeding, his spirit was joyful.
 O'er the ocean's eddying, Andrew began, then,
 To the Prince of Glory to pray for mercy

Our Master bade
 us to take neither
 gold nor silver in
 our purse.

If ye are indeed
 Christ's servants,
 I will gladly take
 you over the sea.

¹ For *sigora selost* (l. 329), C. suggests *sigora sellend*=*giver of victories*, which is found several times in the poetry, while our reading is not found elsewhere. Our canon, however, is to stick to the Ms. as read by experts that have had access to it. Both W. and B. give the reading *sigora selost*, which we take to mean *eminent in victories*.

² A paraphrase of the "Great Commission."

Andrew prays for
the sailor.

On the seafaring sailor,¹ saying these words then :
" May God grant thee glory exceeding,
Bliss in this world and blessedness in heaven,
Maker of Men, as to me lavishly
Thou hast shown friendship in this faraway journey ! "

VII.

Andrew is mi-
raculously fed.

A storm arises,

terrifying the
disciples of
Andrew.

By the Sea-Warden's side sat, then, the holy one,
360 Noble by Noble : never was told me ²
Of a keel laden in comelier fashion
With eminent ornaments ! Therein sat heroes,
Lords illustrious, liegemen beautiful.
Then, the mighty Lord commanded his angel,
Eternal, omnipotent, bade him soon depart, then,
His servant distinguished, and sustenance bear
To solace the sad one o'er the surging of waters,
That, o'er the clashing and crashing currents they easier ³
Might endure their condition. Then, the deeps tumbled,
A storm arises, 370 Ocean rumbled : the hornfish gambolled,
Glided o'er the waters, and the gray sea-mew
Swooped ravenous ; the sun grew dark,
The winds whistled fierce, the floods crashed and rattled,
The currents were howling, the cordage was growling,
Wet with the waters ; ⁴ the waves in battalions
Mast-high mounted : the men of the sea, then,

¹ Gr. and C. construe this as plural ; but the context seems to us to demand the singular.

² This passage is strikingly like one in *Beowulf* (ll. 38-40½), which may be rendered thus : *Never was told me of a keel laden in comelier fashion with bills and burnies.*

³ I always feel that *eaſ*, (l. 368), is compar. in value, though not so recorded. This feeling is further confirmed by Grein's *um so besser*, by Sievers, § 323, first sentence, and Cook's *First Book in O. E.*, § 77 and p. 218, note 9.

⁴ We follow K., and BT. under *gewætan*. The latter under another word contradicts itself. Other renderings are : *the wet weeds (sails) ; waves swelled.* This is a crux.

Trembled with terror ; trusted few of them
Of all who with Andrew on the ocean travelled,
Who the good ship had looked for, that alive they should see
again

- 380 Their own land ever : not any one wist, then,
Who that ship piloted o'er the paths of the ocean.
The holy Andrew, on the high-sea faring,
Leal-hearted thane, his thanks uttered, then,
O'er the mingling of oars, to the Mighty Counsellor,
To his faithful Defender, when the food had strengthened him :
" For this food so refreshing, the faithful Creator,
The Light-Prince of Life, lend^{*}thee requital,
The Lord God of Hosts, and give thee for nourishment
The heavenly food, as Thy favor to me-ward,
390 Thy friendship, thou far o'er the floods provedst !
My loyal liegemen no little are troubled,
My young battle-thanes : the billows are roaring,
The heavens¹ down pouring : the sea-deeps are stirred,
To their depths ruffled ; my brave men are troubled,
My war-band of heroes harassed exceedingly."
From the ocean answered the Creator of Heroes :
" Let us guide our bark back to the land, now,
Our craft o'er the currents, and thy comrade-heroes,
400 Thy thanemen, there await thy returning."
Forthwith the earlmen answer did render,
Men of endurance (they thought not willingly
Their belovèd master to leave on the vessel,
On the prow of the ship, while on shore they waited) :
" Whither shall we go leaderless men,²

The shipmaster
proposes that
Andrew's disci-
ples leave the
boat and wait on
shore till he re-
turns from Mer-
medonia.

¹ Several eminent authorities change Ms. *heofon* to *geofon* ; but we follow the G.-W. text, which is based upon the Ms. both here and in l. 1508 below. W. very wisely sticks to the Ms. in both cases, but asks what *geofon geotende* would mean: the plain answer is *the overflowing (overwhelming) ocean* (Chr. 1052).

² Andrew's disciples are typical A.-S. thanemen, who would scorn to desert their lord for a moment in the hour of danger. The whole passage,

But they vehemently protest, saying that such a deed would brand them forever.

Grieved in spirit, God-forsaken,¹
 With our sins wounded, if thee we abandon?
 We shall be loathed ever in all lands and regions,
 Of the folk despised, when the children of men
 410 Courageous in spirit render decision
 Which of them alway aided most doughtily
 His lord in the fight, when the hand and the shield,
 Beat down with broadswords on the battle-field gory,
 In the storm and stress great straits suffered."

VIII.

The Divine Sailor, still concealing his identity, asks the apostle to tell him something about the Prince of Glory and his doctrines.

The puissant Prince in reply spake, then,
 The ever-true Atheling answer now rendered :
 " If thou in sooth be a servant, as thou sayest in words,
 Of the Prince of Glory supremely exalted,
 Solve me the mysteries, how the sons of men²
 420 He taught under heaven ! Tedious the voyage
 O'er the floods fallow : thy followers cheer,
 Their mood comfort now ! there is much yet to travel
 Of the way o'er the waters, the wished-for haven
 Far yet to seek ; the sand greatly mingled,
 The abyss with the strand : God easily
 Can render aid to ocean-voyagers."
 Wisely in words his well-lovèd followers,
 Glorious earls, Andrew did comfort :
 " Ye in mood minded, when ye mounted the ocean,
 430 That 'mid folk fierce-hating ye would fare with your lives and
 For the love of the Lord would lay them down there,
 Your souls yield up in the Ethiopians'
 Faraway fatherland. I feel and know

" *Whither . . . suffered,*" is original with the A.-S. poet, and represents the idea of *comitatus*.

¹ See note to *Judith*, l. 271 (p. 14 of this volume). The argument of BT., *sub voce orfeorme*, is not convincing.

² We should prefer to say, *How he (as) a man taught on earth !*

Andrew comforts
his disciples by
telling how
Christ stilled the
tempest.

That the Creator of Angels will ever protect us,
The Lord God of Hosts: the terror of waters
Shall be reprov'd, rebuked by the Mighty King,
The sea's surging be soothed and quieted.
So it happened of yore, we were trying the waters,
440 O'er the surges sailing in our sea-vessel trusty :
The watery ways seemed wild, terrible,
The ocean-shoals 'gainst the shores were beating ;
Deep called unto deep, the dreadful billows¹
Answered each other : up rose, anon, then,
On the breast of the bark from the bosom of ocean,
Terror o'er the sea-boat. Almighty there, then,²
The Maker of Men remained in the vessel,
Illustrious lying : his liegemen were fearful,
Mournful-mooded, for mercy yearning,
Help from the Famous One. The multitude 'gan, then,
450 In the keel calling ; the King arose soon,
The Bliss-Giver of Angels did quiet the tempests,
The weltering of waters, the winds rebuking :
The sea subsided, soon waxed gentle
The boundaries of ocean. Then, exulted our spirit,
When our eyes beheld 'neath the arch of the heavens
The winds and the waves and the watery-terrors
So filled with fright for the fear of the Lord-God.
And so, soothly, I say fearlessly
That ever-living God not e'er forsaketh
460 A hero under heaven, if he hold out bravely !"³
Thus the holy hero his henchmen addressed,

¹ All through this poem and the *Phanix* we see the influence of the Bible upon the poet's conceptions and upon his language. At this special point, we are forcibly reminded of Ps. 42, verse 7.

² No reader need be pointed to the familiar Bible passages describing Christ's stilling of the tempest.

³ In *Beowulf* (ll. 572 ff.), we read, "*Wyrd often saveth the undoomed ealr when his prowess avails.*" The Christian poet of the *Andreas* recasts this heathen formula, clothing it in Christian language.

Unceasingly thoughtful his thanes taught, then,
 The blessed champion cheered his good earlmen,
 Till in sleep suddenly sank they together
 By the mast weary, then. The waters subsided,
 The eddying of ocean early quieted,
 The fierce holm-currents : the holy one's soul
 After the time of woe was once more joyful.

IX.

- Prudent of spirit, spake he further, now,
 470 Wise in his wit, his word-treasure opened :
 "Saw I not ever sea-farer better,¹
 More skilled in sea-craft, as seemeth to me,
 More excellent oarsman, more expert in counsel,
 In words wiser ! But one petition,
 Excellent earl, only one prayer
 I would fain prefer now : though but few bracelets
 I am able to offer thee, ornament-jewels,
 No treasures of gold, yet thy true friendship,
 Oh, eminent atheling, as my own possession
 480 I gladly would gain ! Grace thou shalt win for it,
 And holy hope in the heavenly kingdom,
 If thou art good and gracious in granting instruction
 To a weary wayfarer.² I would well learn, now,
 Eminent atheling, one art from thee,
 Since God hath granted thee glory and might,
 Creator of Earthmen, that thou early show me
 How the wave-floater winsome, wet with ocean-surf,
 The steed of the ocean, on its course thou guidest !
 490 I have chanced to sail sixteen voyages,³
 Of old and of late, on an ocean-goer,

Andrew compli-
 ments the sailor
 on his seaman-
 ship,

and begs him to
 give him some
 instruction in
 that art.

¹ The poet at times skilfully brings our thoughts back to the sea.

² Gr. construes as *plu.*, but the context justifies *sing.*

³ Possibly, says Br., the poet himself is a sailor, and is giving us a personal touch.

With freezing hands stirring the waters,
 The weltering waves : one more this is,
 Yet not any man else ever beheld I
 Resembling thee, mighty young hero,¹
 O'er the stern steering ! The stream-surges roar,
 Beat on the shore : this boat is full speedy,
 Foamy-necked fareth as flieth a bird,
 Glideth the waters. I know assuredly
 That not e'er have I seen on the ocean's pathway
 500 More excellent art in any of sailors :
 It, forsooth, seemeth as if safe on the shore
 It still standeth where no storm may move it,
 No tempest toss it, no terror of waters
 Break o'er the bright-prowed, yet the billows it glideth
 Under sail swiftly ! Thou thyself art youthful,
 Defender of warriors, few are thy winters :
 O'er the seas speeding, in thy spirit thou hast
 An earl-like answer, of each word knowest
 The wisest of meanings that world-men can read."
 510 The Eternal Lord rendered him answer :
 "It oft happeneth that, on oversea-journeys,
 We break o'er the bathway in barks with our henchmen,
 With our steeds of the sea, when the storm lowereth :
 At times, troubles betide us on the water,
 Sorrow on the sea, though safely at last
 The peril is past. Powerless the flood is
 To injure at all any of heroes,
 If God be for him : he hath power of life who²
 Bindeth the billows, the brown waters

The sea cannot
 harm the servant
 of God.

¹ Of course Andrew has no idea that the sailor is God; he is making himself agreeable to the stranger, and asks him to explain his art as a seaman.

² The distinguished Brooke, in arguing against the Cynewulfian authorship of this poem, says that this poet never breaks out in "rapturous outbursts" voicing his own sentiments. Though not committing ourselves as to the authorship question, we think that such passages as this help to refute that particular argument.

530 Reproves and rebukes ; with perfect justice
 He shall rule o'er the races who reared the firmament
 And made it fast with his mighty hand-strength,
 Fashioned it, fixed it, filling with glory
 His bright abiding-place ; so the abode of the angels
 Was blessed abundantly through his boundless might.

*Thou thyself art
 evidently the
 servant of God,
 and the sea saw
 thee and became
 calm.*

And so is the truth seen, manifest,
 To all men evident, thou art the excellent liegeman
 And thane of the King that sitteth in majesty ;
 Since straightway, forsooth, the sea apprehended,
 530 The ocean-expanses, that thou barest the gift of
 The Holy Spirit : the splashing of currents,
 The sea subsided ; soothed was the terror,
 The wide-bosomed wave, the waters grew calmer,
 As soon as they saw that the encircling care of
 God was over thee, who with outstretched arm
 Had abundantly 'stablished the blessing of glory."

*The apostle
 praises God.*

Then, the brave-mooded hero in holy accents
 Spake earnestly, honored the King,
 The Wielder of Worship, in words answering :
 540 "Praised be thy name, Prince of the Nations,
 Lord and Saviour ! thy might is eternal,
 Afar, and anear is thy name holy,
 'Mid races and peoples resplendent with glory,
 Eminent in mercies ! On earth there is no man
 'Mid the whole race of heroes, 'neath heaven's expanses,
 That knoweth the number or can nearly reckon,
 Oh, Prince of all peoples, how proudly, lavishly,
 Oh, Saviour of Souls, thou sendest thy blessings !
 It is seen, soothly, Saviour of Spirits,
 550 Thou art kind and friendly become to this hero,
 And with gifts didst honor the excellent youth,
 With words of wisdom and wise-heartedness !
 In one of his years ne'er yet found I
 Greater wisdom and caution of spirit."

X.

From the ship responded the Splendor of Kings, then,
 The Alpha and Omega ¹ earnestly questioned :
 "Wise-mooded thane, say, if thou canst now,
 How 'mong earthmen it happened that the impious men,
 560 The folk of the Hebrews, by arts and cunning
 Hurl'd their sneers and slanders malicious,
 Heroes pernicious, 'gainst the Son of the Highest !
 The blood-thirsty, bitter ones blinded their eyes to
 Their Great Source of Life, nor received him as God,
 Though miracles many 'mong men performed he,
 In the sight of multitudes : sinners could nowise
 Apprehend and know the noble-child set for
 A Hope and a Help to the whole race of heroes,
 To all men of earth. The Atheling grew, then,
 570 In word and wisdom, and, wielding great power,
 In that stubborn people's presence wrought he
 Many a marvel and miracle ever."
 This answer, Andrew, then, early rendered him :
 "How, pray, could it happen 'mid people on earth
 Thou hast never heard of the might of the Saviour,
 Dearest of men, how his grace ² he made known
 All the earth over, Son of the Highest ?
 The dumb he made speak, the deaf ears he opened,
 Cheering the hearts of the halt and the leper,
 Those who long had been lame, limping, hobbling,
 580 Infirm and crippled, fast-bound in tortures :
 He opened blind eyes all through the cities,
 As on earth many a man among heroes
 He from death awoke by the word of his power.

The sailor ques-
 tions Andrew
 further as to the
 life of Christ on
 earth.

Andrew is glad
 of the oppor-
 tunity to tell of
 his Divine
 Master's mighty
 deeds.

¹ We have retained the phrase familiar to Bible readers for centuries, instead of translating literally 'beginning and end,' as is often done.

² The form *gif*., (l. 575), though often found in compounds, occurs nowhere else as a simplex ; this led Gr. to propose *gife*, though he afterwards withdrew the emendation. W. is satisfied with *gif*.

- And many a miracle more performed he,
 Eminent Atheling, by his own great might :
 In the throng at Cana, with a word hallowed he
 Wine out of water, and, wishing men's pleasure,
 He bade it turn to a better substance ;
 Likewise fed he from fishes twain
 590 And five small loaves no fewer of earthfolk
 Than thousands five : foot-wanderers sat, then,
 Mournful-mooded, from the march a-weary,
 Their tired limbs resting, the men on the sward
 Eating their food, then, as each found pleasantest.
 Thou art able to learn, now, most beloved of heroes,
 How by words and works the Warden of Glory
 In his life loved us, by his lore drew us
 To that blessedness above where, unburdened of sorrows,
 They happy with angels may that home abide in
 600 Who the Lord look for when their life-days are over."
 The Ward of the Way his word-treasure opened,
 The man o'er the gangway boldly did speak then :
 " Art thou able to tell me, that the truth I may know now,
 If thy great Creator openly wrought
 For men's welfare the wonderful deeds that
 He did 'mid the folk no few times but often,
 Where high-priests and scribes and councillors plotted,
 Sitting in conclave ? It seemeth to me that
 610 From spite venomous they devised their plots,
 Seduced by deep error and the Devil's devices ;
 The hellward-bound heroes heeded too gladly
 The false perjurers ; Fate¹ deceived them,
 Mistaught and betrayed them : torment unending,
 Accursèd 'mid the accursèd, they quickly must suffer
 Bitter burning in the embrace of the murderer ! "

The sailor draws
 Andrew out still
 further.

¹ The original has **Wyrd**; she, in the religion of our forefathers before their conversion to Christianity, was the goddess of destiny, and presided over the fates of men and of gods. She, of course, still rules the affairs of these unconverted cannibals.

XI.

Then, the excellent Andrew answer rendered him :

" I tell thee in truth that, times numberless,

'Fore the very faces of folk-rulers, wrought he

620 Sign after sign, in the sight of thousands ;

Likewise in secret the Lord God of men,

For their peace planning, the people did benefit."

The Defender of Athelings answer, then, made him :

" Art thou able, O wise man, in words to tell me,

Mighty man of valor, of the marvels he wrought,

The bold one, in secret, when ye sat with the Lord God,

The King of the Heavens, in council so often? "

The excellent Andrew answer, then, gave him :

630 " Why pliest thou me with marvellous questions,

My dearest lord, and knowest the truth of

Every event¹ through thine excellent wisdom? "

Then, the Ward of the Waves his word-treasure opened :

" I ask not reproachfully, nor insults to offer

Here on the high-sea, but my heart gloweth,

With joy blossometh, at the blessèd, excellent

Words thou hast spoken ! Not for me only,

But for all under heaven, the heart is lighter,

The spirit brighter, whoever, far or near,

In his mood remembereth what the Man did on earth here,

640 The Son of the Highest : souls departed

Sought eagerly the raptures of heaven,

The home of the angels, through his excellent power."

Early Andrew, then, answer rendered him :

" Since I see in thyself signs evident

That a wise spirit, wondrous in power,

And victory are thine, and thy bosom with prudence

Bloometh and blossometh with bliss most glorious,

¹ In l. 630, we have the word *wyrd* used with the meaning of *incident*, *event*.

I will gladly tell thee the beginning and end,
 As I heard for myself in the assembly of men,
 Oft and anon from his own lips falling,
 650 The wisdom and words of the wide-famous Atheling.

XII.

Andrew, finding
 that the sailor is
 deeply inter-
 ested, enters into
 details of the life
 of Christ.

"Oft gathered together great multitudes,
 Countless thousands to the council of God,
 Where they heard and hearkened the Holy One's teaching.
 Then, the Helm of Athelings thereafter departed,
 Bright Giver of Bliss to a building elsewhere,¹
 Where praising the Lord many did greet him,
 Clever councillors came forth to meet him,
 660 Earls glad-hearted, were ever joyful
 When the Ward of the Borough back again journeyed.
 So it erstwhile happened the triumphant Judge,
 The mighty Lord fared : of his followers with him,
 Of his men no more on the march attended him
 Than eleven chosen champions-in-battle,
 Liegemen illustrious, the Lord was twelfth.
 In our march reached we the royal city,² then,
 Where the temple of God towered heavenward,
 Spacious and pinnacled, splendid, glorious,
 Well-known to world-folks. With words of bitterness
 670 And craft artfulest, the high-priest began to
 Mock scornfully, his mood-treasure opened,
 Weaving his malice : in his mind knew he
 That we followed the footsteps of the Faithful and True One,
 Practised his precepts ; opposing voice, then,
 Mingled with railing he raised speedily :
 'Ye are indeed wretched more than all others,

¹ Gr. translates to *another place*, but in his lexicon gives no such definition as 'place.'

² Of course, Andrew is referring to Jerusalem, and the magnificent Temple beautified and enlarged by Herod.

The high-priest
rails at us and
our Master.

O'er the earth wander, undergo many a
Dire danger, the doctrines follow
Of an exile and alien from Israel's folk-law,
680 Hopeless of happiness hail him as king,
Saying in sooth that the Son of the Highest
Is your daily companion ! to the people ¹ 'tis known, now,
Whence this eminent atheling's origin springeth.
In this very region, was he reared, nourished,
As a babe born here 'mid his blood-kinsmen ;
His father and mother, at home residing,
Are called by name, as we know assuredly
From wise questioning, Mary and Joseph :
In his family also were two other bairns,
690 Two boys born there, in brotherly-kinship,
Sons of Joseph, Simon and Jacob.'
'The leaders of heroes on this wise spake, then,
Ambitious lords, thought to obscure the
Creator's power : their ill-deeds returned, then,
Their endless evil, where they erstwhile began.
Then, the Prince departed from the place of assembly
Strengthened with might, his liegemen attending him,
Lord God of Hosts, sought a land secluded :
By manifold marvels in the midst of the desert,
700 By signs showed he clearly he was King in right,
Strengthened with might, the whole earth over,
Maker and Governor of glory and majesty,
One eternal God of the whole creation ;
Moreover, he showed other numberless
Marvels and miracles where men might behold them.

The rulers of the
people could not
obscure his fame.

XIII.

"Thereafter set out the Atheling glorious
With a mighty throng on another journey,

¹ We might translate *rulers* instead of *people*, but prefer to follow Gr. and BT. Notice the biting irony of the high-priest in l. 683.

Our Master went
one day into the
Temple,

Till he stood in the Temple. His tones resounded
Through the high building ; the Holy One's teaching
710 Sinners received not, though signs many
And true he had wrought where they well could behold them.
Likewise a splendid, wondrously carven
Image of his angels¹ the Atheling saw, then,
The Wielder of Victories, on the wall of the building,
To the right and the left, richly embellished,
Beauteously graven ; the Blessèd One spake, then :
' Behold, now, the image of the angel races
Most famed in this city : Seraphim and Cherubim
720 'Mid the hosts of heaven on high their names are ;
In the eternal God's gracious presence
They stand resolute, praise with their voices
In holy hymns the Heaven-King's puissance,
God's protection. Engraven clearly,
On the wall fashioned is the form of the holy ones,
The henchmen of Heaven, through handicraft wondrous.'
The Lord God of Hosts opened his word-hoard,
The Heaven-Holy Spirit spoke to the multitude :
' I bid and command that a beacon appear now,
730 In the multitude of men a marvel be 'complished,
That, the earth seeking, this image descend from
The wall in its beauty and in words declare now,
Set forth fully (so folk in the land must
Needs believe it) whence is my origin !'

XIV.

"Then, durst not the marvel before men conceal the
Word of the Wielder ; from the wall leaped, then,
The old-work of ancients, till on earth it stood,
The stone from the stone : strongly the voice
Through the rock rang, then, all round sounded,

¹ Br. says, " I do not know whence this legend is derived."

- 740 Cried out with words (wonderful seemed, now,
The deed of the stone to the stubborn-mooded ones),
By manifest tokens teaching the priests, then,
Warning them wisely, and in words speaking :
'Ye are evil and base from ill devising,
With snares deceived or, soul-perverted,
Sin from ignorance ! ye despise the eternal
Son of the Highest, him who sea and land,
Heaven and earth, and the angry waters,
The sea-streams salt and the circuit of heaven
750 Did erst mark out with his own great fingers !
He is none but the selfsame God almighty
That in former days your fathers did worship ;
To Abram and Isaac and, after, to Jacob
His grace gave he, with good things blessed them,
To Abraham first in words promising
To send the Messiah,¹ from his seed raising
The God of Glory ; the great Fulfilment²
Is to all evident, with your eyes ye can see, now,
760 The God of Victory, the Guardian of Heaven.'

and, at his word,
one of the Cheru-
bim came down
from the wall,
and bare witness
that he was the
Son of God.

XV.

- "When these words were finished, the multitude hearkened
Through the broad building, breathless they all were.
Early thereafter, the elders began, then,
To say, sinful ones — they saw not the truth —
That by arts of magic it was all accomplished,
By sorcery base, that the bright-shining marble
Spake before men : evil flourished, now,
In the bosom of earthmen, burning hatred
770 In their breasts boiled, too, bitterest venom,
The woe-bringing worm ; through words of mockery,
Their doubting mood was clearly revealed, then,

The people were
amazed, but the
rulers and elders
said that it was
the work of a
sorcerer.

¹ We have kept quite close to Gr.'s *des Edelen Verheissung*.

² We have not departed far from the meaning of *wyrd* = *event, occurrence*.

Christ com-
manded the
image to go afar
o'er the earth,
and call the
patriarchs out of
their graves.

The blindness of men blended with murder.
The King commanded the mighty-work to go, then;
The stone from its station, the streets to traverse,
And to fare onward, the earth-ways treading,
The green grass-plains, and God's messages
With their blest-lore bear to the bounds of the nations,
To the people of Canaan, in the King's name, also,
To command Abraham early to rise again,
780 Soon from the sepulchre with his son and his grandson
To leave their land-couch, their limbs gathering,
Their souls receive, and be seen young again,
The wise old sages once more returning
Out to their earth-dwellings and to all men declaring
What manner of God they had known by his wonders.

The image goes
to Mamre,

790

The stone set out, then, as the almighty Lord God,
Creator of all men, had erstwhile commanded,
O'er the broad border-paths, till brightly gleaming
It to Mamre¹ came, as God had bidden it,
Where the bodies had long lain in the sepulchre,
The bones of the patriarchs had buried been lying.
It bade speedily from the dead rise, then,
Abraham and Isaac, and of athelings third
Jacob from the grave to God's assembly,
Promptly from sleep profound; bade them prepare for the
journey,²

and sends the
three patriarchs
forth preaching
the one true God.

To God's conclave to go: to the folk they must give instruc-
tion

As to who in the ages of old created and fashioned
The all-green earth, and o'er it the heavens,
And where the Lord God lived who laid their foundations.

800

They dared not delay longer fulfilling
The word of the King of Glory: bravely to go o'er the
marchland,

¹ In Gen. xxiii: 17, we read that Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah,
"which was before Mamre," as a burial-place for his family.

² Notice the long lines.

Departed the prophets three, left the dark pit behind them,
The sepulchre open ; they would early proclaim, then,
The Father of all things. The folk, then, was greatly
Awed and confounded, when the athelings three
Did the King of Glory in words honor.
Then, the Ward of the Kingdom quickly did take them
Back to blessedness, bade them once more, then,

The people of
that land are
amazed and con-
founded.

810 And enjoy its raptures forever and ever.
Thou art able to learn, now, belovèd hero,
How marvels a-many by his commands wrought he,
Though mood-blinded men his miracles scouted,
His teachings received not. I saw and know other
Great signs and wonders that the Son of Man wrought here,
King of the Heavens, but thou canst not now bear¹ them,
Nor in mind comprehend, though thy mood be clever."

I could tell you
many other mar-
vels wrought by
my Master, but
you cannot com-
prehend them
now.

XVI.

Thus, the whole day long, the belovèd Andrew
The precepts explained² of the Prince of Glory,
820 Till sleep suddenly settled down on him
As, close to the King, on the current he journeyed.
Then, the Giver of Life gave his angels
Command to take o'er the tumult of waters
His belovèd gently to the Lord God's keeping,
In their embraces bear him o'er the billows of ocean,
While sleep still encircled the sea-farers weary.
Through the air moving, erelong came he
On land to the city that the Sovereign of Angels

* * * * *

830 On the heaven-way happy, their dear home to visit,
By the highway left they the holy one lying

¹ St. John (xvi : 12) tells us that Christ used these very words to his apostles on one occasion.

² We follow BT., B. and W., all close to the Ms.

The heavenly
sailors leave
Andrew and his
disciples asleep
near the wall of
the city of the
Mermedonians.

In peace sleeping 'neath the vault of the heavens,
Waiting calmly near the wall of the borough,
Near his fierce enemies, all night long, then,
Till God sent forth the candle of day to
Shine luminous : the shadows vanished,
Wan 'neath the welkin ; the weather-torch came,
The heaven-light beaming, high aloft gleaming.
The war-brave awoke, then, o'er the wide fields gazing,

840 'Fore the borough-gates bluffs declivitous,
Hills rose aloft ; 'round the hoary cliffs
Turrets uptowered, tile-covered buildings,
And wind-swept walls. The wise one knew, then,
He had reached the land of the Mermedonians,
Faring had found it, as the Father had bidden him,
When the Creator of All erstwhile directed him.

When Andrew
awakes, he
arouses his dis-
ciples,

His sleeping disciples he saw on the ground, there,
Bold battle-earls, by him reposing,
In sleep slumbering ; soon 'gan he, then,
850 To waken the warriors, in words saying :

and tells them
that the sailor of
yesterday was
God.

" I am able to tell you the truth evident,
That, yesterday, o'er the dashing currents,
The domain of oars, an Atheling brought us :
In that good ship sailed the Glory of Kings, then,
The Wielder of World-folk ;¹ his word knew I,
Though his form he had hidden." From the deeps of their
spirits,

The noble young athelings answer rendered him :
" Excellent Andrew, we early shall tell thee

860 The events of our sailing, that thyself mayst be able
To think o'er them wisely in the thoughts of thy spirit !
Seawearly sailors, sleep overcame us :
Eagles came, then, o'er the ocean's tumult
In the air flying in feathery triumph,

¹ This hemistich is based upon W.'s text and note ; but others follow the
Ms. closely, and translate, *The Ruler honored us.*

Our souls snatching as in slumber we lay there,
 Then, with glee on high glided through the sky,
 With joyful noise, gentle happy ones,
 Loving them fondly and lavishing praises :
 There was fulness of song 'neath the firmament along,
 870 A legion of loveliness, an illustrious band.
 All 'round the Noble One, angels were standing,
 In throngs of thousands as thanes 'round their Atheling,
 Sang glory in the highest with holy voices
 To the Lord of Lords : no limit their joy knew.
 The holy patriarchs were present before us,
 And of martyrs a multitude mighty and glorious :
 The throng of the righteous rendered the Victory-Lord
 Praise unfeignèd ; David was with them,
 Blessèd champion, child of Jesse,
 880 Come before Christ, King of the Hebrews.
 And so we saw 'fore the Son of the Highest
 Exalted in honor all of you standing,
 Twelve great-hearted glorious heroes ;
 Holy archangels eminent in majesty
 Rendered you homage : happy the man who
 May gain these glories with God in the heavens.
 There was the gladness of glory, the glitter of heroes,
 Eminent honor : ¹ not any had anguish.
 His shall be exile, hell awaiting him,
 890 Who must hold aloof from these heavenly raptures,
 In woe wander, when away he departeth ! ”

The disciples of
 Andrew had
 comforting
 dreams while
 sailing to Mer-
 medonia.

Transported to
 heaven, we saw
 patriarchs, mar-
 tyrs, apostles,
 around the
 throne of God.

XVII.

Then, the holy one's heart was holpen mightily,
 Cheered in his bosom, when his thanemen had heard
 The welcome word that the Wielder of Glory would

¹ The translators differ widely as to this hemistich. The BT. dictionary con-
 flicts with itself.

Andrew is
greatly cheered,
but he is dis-
tressed when he
remembers that
he had talked
familiarly with
God as an equal.

900

O'er all other earthmen ever esteem them,
And the warden of warriors these words uttered :
" O Lord, my God, I have learned and know, now,
That Thyself on the paths of the sea 'wast near me,
Glory of Kings, when I clomb on my vessel,
Though the Atheling of Angels, on the ocean currents,
The Saviour of Souls, I saw not, knew not !
Almighty Maker, have mercy upon me,
Be kind, great King ! On the currents of ocean
I spake overmuch, but well do I know now
Who with eminent honor on the ocean-vessel
O'er the floods sped me : 'tis the Spirit of Comfort
The Help of all earth-folk ; there is aid ready,
Mercy from the Mighty for men numberless,
Victory assured, if from *him* they seek it ! "

910

God appears to
Andrew in the
form of a young
man.

'Fore his eyes came, then, clearly forthwith,
Appeared plainly the Prince of the Heavens,
The King of all flesh in the form of a stripling.
Then, in words spake he, the Wielder of Glory :
" Hail to thee, Andrew, and thy henchmen devoted,
Be of good courage ! I'll keep thee in safety,
That ill-doers evil not aught may harm thee,
Nor crime-workers cruel crush thy dear spirit."
He to earth fell, then, the wise-spoken hero
Begged for protection, his Friend-Lord questioning :

920

" How did it happen, Most High World-Lord,
'Gainst the Saviour of Souls himself offending,
That friend so gracious I failed to know
O'er the floods faring, where I foolishly spake in
My Maker's own presence more than was proper ? "
All-ruling God, then, answer rendered him :

God again chides
Andrew for being
so loath to come.

" Thy offence, soothly, was far less grievous
Than loudly alleging, in the land of Achaia,
That thou couldst not fare on a faraway journey
Nor come to this city in three days' travel

930

Thy brother to meet as I bade thee seek him

- O'er the ways wearisome. Thou wottest better, now,
That I easily can aid my own and further them
Going wherever I may command them.
Arise quickly now, be ready-mooded, fearless,¹
Excellent man, as the Eminent Father
Forever and ever with honor shall crown thee,
With strength and might. This city enter now,
940 'Neath the bars and bolts, where thy brother lieth !
I wot that Matthew at wicked ones' hands is
From swords suffering, with snares thy beloved
Kinsman is compassed : thou shalt quickly seek him,
Deliver the loved one from the loathed ones' hatred
And the men that with Matthew remain in the prison,
Folk from far-lands fettered in dungeons,
Bound cruelly. They² shall quickly find, now,
Relief in the world and reward in glory,
As to themselves solacing, I sometime promised.
950 Now, excellent Andrew, thou must early adventure
Into cruel ones' clutches : there is conflict appointed thee,
With sword-blows bitter must thy body be severed,
Wax like water from wounds gory,
Thy blood flow in billows. Thy body they may not
Give o'er to death, though stripes thou suffer,
Blows, from the base ones. Bear thou that sorrow,
Permit not the might of the Mermedonians,
Their grim grappling, from God to turn thee,
From thy Saviour to sway thee ! seek thou for glory !
960 Bear thou in mind how, to men numberless
In many a land 'tis widely heralded
That wretched men ruthlessly mocked me
Fastened in fetters, flung their taunts at me,
Smote me and swung me ! sinners were powerless

God commands
Andrew to go
into the city to
the aid of Mat-
thew and other
captives.

Be faithful ; I will
sustain thee
through thy
torture, and
crown thee with
glory hereafter.

I myself endured
taunting, blows,
and death, to
teach my fol-
lowers patience
and humility.

¹ This hemistich is a crux of the first water ; it probably means, *Be not afraid, but maintain your composure.*

² We follow Gr. in using the plural pron. in this sentence ; the *him* (ll. 947 and 949) and the context would warrant sing. pronouns.

Through words of taunting the truth to proclaim, then ;
 When I hung on the cross 'mong the Jews, thereafter,
 And the rood was upreared, a ruthless warrior
 Poured out the blood from my piercèd body,
 The gore to the ground. Grievous sorrows,
 970 On the earth bare I : to all my followers,
 By gracious mood would I give an example
 To be known afar 'mid folk of the races.
 Folk not a few in this famous city
 Thou shalt lead in my name to the light of heaven,
 Though ill-deeds many they erstwhile committed."
 Went, then, the Holy One the heavens seeking,
 The King of all Kings, kindly upward
 To the pure home above: there help waiteth for
 980 Each one of earthmen able to find it !

XVIII.

Andrew enters
the city.

The saint comes
close by the
prison, and the
guards fall dead.

Then, the hero hardy the behest regarded,
 Brave battle-thane ;¹ to the borough, speedily,
 Endowed with might, came the champion dauntless,
 High-hearted hero, God's henchman devoted,
 On the street went, then, as the way guided him,
 That not any of earthmen was able to know him,
 No sinful one see² him : the Sovereign of Victories
 In the town on the plain had protectingly shielded
 The lief land-prince with his love and favor.
 990 The eminent atheling early pressed in,
 Christ's champion, close to the prison.
 A horde of heathen beheld he gathered there,
 'Fore the grated gate guards standing, then,
 Seven together : death snatched all of them,

¹ Andrew is continually depicted as a brave liegeman fighting under his Divine Liegelord.

² Andrew is invisible to the Devil and the cannibals. At l. 1212, he is commanded to show himself, and let the power of God be manifested in him.

They fell fameless : the fury of slaughter
 Grabbed blood-gory heroes. The holy one prayed to
 The Father of Mercies in the deeps of his bosom,
 Praising on high the power and the goodness
 1000 Of the True-King of Heaven. At the touch of the hand of the
 the
 Holy Spirit,¹ flew the door open, then,
 And therein entered the excellent-doughty
 Hero a-hardy : the heathens were sleeping there,
 Drunken with blood, the death-plain reddened they.
 Saw he, then, Matthew in the mournful dungeon,
 Valiant hero in the vaults of darkness
 Singing glory to God, giving all honor to
 The Lord of the Angels. Lonely sat he,
 Sad, sorrowful, in the cell of misery ;
 Saw he alive, then, his beloved companion,
 1010 Holy one, holy one : hope was quickened.
 He arose greeting him, God thanking that
 All safe and sound they might see each other
 Once more among men. Mutual was love, then,
 To both of the brothers, bliss was renewed ;
 Each with his arm the other encircled,
 Kissing and clipping : to Christ both of them
 Were beloved in spirit. A light shone round them
 Holy and heaven-bright ; their hearts in their bosoms
 Welled up with rapture. In words 'gan, then,
 1020 Andrew the earliest his excellent comrade,
 The godly, greeting in the gloom of the dungeon,
 With words befitting, spake of the war impending,
 The fight of the foemen : " Thy folk is now joyful,

* * * * *

The door miracu-
 lously opens.
 Andrew enters.

The two apostles
 greet one an-
 other.

¹There being little or no capitalization in the Ms., the *haliges gastes*, (l. 1000), is sometimes referred to Andrew; but we take it that the miracle is referred to the third person in the Godhead, either directly or through the medium of A.'s fingers.

The two saints
pray.

When these words were uttered, the excellent glory-thanes,
Both the dear brothers, bowed prayerfully,
Sent their petition to the Son of the Highest :
The holy one, likewise, in the loathèd dungeon
1030 His God called upon, craving his help,
His Saviour's assistance, ere sank his body
Through the hateful heathens' hostile assault and
Led, then, from prison to the Lord's protection,
From the dungeon, all told, two and seventy
And a hundred souls¹
From hatred delivered : left he there no one
'Neath the bars and bolts bounden in fetters,
And of women likewise along with the men

1040

* * * * *

Matthew leads
the throng of
captives out of
the dungeon.

Fearful-ones freed, then. They were fain of the journey,
Early set out, the issue of battle
In the woful dwelling awaited no longer.
Went, then, Matthew, the multitude leading
Under God's guidance, as the good saint had bade him,
On their wished-for journey, in clouds enveloped,
Lest enemies cruel should come harming them,
Inveterate foes, with a volley of arrows,
Where the bold-mooded saints took counsel together,
1050 Faithful companions, ere they parted asunder :
Each of the earls for the other strengthened
The hope of heaven, hell's pains did they
Ward off with words. So the warriors with them,
Heroes a-hardy, did with holy voices,
Tried battle-men, the Truth-King laud, then,
The Wielder of Fates, whose fame and glory
Shall ever 'mid earth-folk endless continue.

The liberated
throng praise
God.

¹ This passage is defective, and G.-W. leaves l. 1036 half blank. The prose version of the legend says there were 248 men and 49 women.

XIX.

Went Andrew, then, in to the borough,
 Going gladly, where a gathering of foemen,
 A horde of hostile ones, he had heard were assembled,
 1060 Till anon saw he, nigh to the roadway,
 A brazen column, near the highway standing.
 By its side sat he, soared his thoughts upward,
 In love unbounded, to the bliss of the angels :
 'Neath bars and bolts, then, bided he calmly
 What battle-achievements should chance to befall him.
 Then, the leaders of liegemen collected together
 Multitudes great, the gang of perjurers
 Went with their weapons to the wan prison,
 1070 Heathen warriors, where erstwhile the captives
 In the dark dungeon endured tribulation.
 The hostile-hearted ones hoped and weened, now,
 To make a repast on the men from afar there,
 The prescribed meal : but the hope failed them,
 When the spear-warriors angry open found there
 The door of the prison as they pressed thitherward,
 Found the handwork of hammers hanging wide open,
 The doorkeepers dead. Down-hearted, turned they,
 Sundered from pleasure, the ill-news heralding :
 1080 Apprised the multitude that of men from afar,
 Aliens and strangers, not any remaining
 Alive in the prison had looked at or met them,
 But that begrimed, gory, the guards lay prone,
 In the dust dead there, the doomed ones' bodies
 From their souls severed. At the sudden tidings
 No few folk-chieftains feared and trembled,
 Wan-mooded, woful, waiting for hunger,
 Pale table-guest.¹ They knew of naught better
 1090 Than the eating of dead men for their own sustenance,

Andrew enters
 the city of the
 cannibals, and
 sits by a column
 of brass.

A throng of
 hungry cannibals
 now come to the
 prison, expecting
 a repast.

The cannibals
 are crestfallen
 and awe-stricken
 at what they see.

¹ Br. renders, *that pale table-ghost*.

The crunching of corpses : by cruel misfortune,
 For each of the door-thanes was the deathbed appointed,
 That all of the watchmen at once should perish.
 Then heard I that hastily the host was summoned,
 Burghers were bidden : braves gathered, then,
 A band of bold ones on battle-steeds going,
 Heroes on horses, holding high conclave,
 Exultant with ash-spears. All of the folk, then,
 To the meeting hied, let the lot decide

In their hunger
 and desperation
 they cast lots
 which of them
 shall be eaten
 instead of the
 escaped
 prisoners.

1100 Which of them first as food for the others
 Should lay down his life-joys ; cast lots then hellishly,
 'Mid heathen gods counted. The horrible rod¹
 Fell upon one old well-known companion,
 A clever councillor in the concourse of earls at the
 Front of the folk-troop. Fettered, thought he
 Early thereafter to end his dear life-joys :
 Fierce-mooded cried he, calling mournfully,
 Promised forsooth the son of his body,

The lot falls upon
 a well-known
 councillor, who,
 in his dread and
 despair, offers
 his son in his
 place. This offer
 is gladly ac-
 cepted.

1110 His own young lad, to their loathsome hands if
 His own life were spared him. Eagerly took they
 His gift gratefully :² the grief-stricken multitude
 For food craved, then, cared not for jewels,
 Hoped not for hoard-treasure ; by hunger were sorely
 To dire straits driven, as the dread ravager
 Ruled savagely. For the sad boy's life,
 Many a man, then, was moved inwardly,
 Many stout-hearted men were stirred battleward.
 The warning of woe widely was published,
 1120 Through the borough were bidden burghers a-many
 To come thronging to the death of the stripling,
 Receive for eating each one his portion

¹ Tacitus says : " Augury and divination by lot, no people practise more diligently. The use of the lots is simple. A little bough is lopped off a fruit-bearing tree, and cut into small pieces ; these are distinguished by certain marks, and thrown carelessly and at random over a white garment."

² Br. suggests that they were probably glad of the exchange.

Both older and younger. Early the heathen
 Guards of the shrine gathered the burghers
 By hundreds and thousands : hubbub arose, then.
 'Gan, then, the stripling with gloomy wailings,
 Bound 'fore the war-host, his woe-song a-singing,
 Forlorn, friendless, longing for succor :
 The mournful young man no mercy could find, then,
 1130 No grace from the grim ones to grant him his life-joys,
 From death to deliver him ; the loathèd monsters had
 Sought for the battle, the sword's-edge bitter
 By blows hardened¹ from the hand of the foeman,
 With fire-marks colored, must require his life-blood.
 To Andrew seemed it an evil most heinous,
 A grievous iniquity not easy to bear, that
 The youth guiltless should give up suddenly,
 Forfeit, his life-joys. Fierce was the multitude's
 Hatred, and harassing : heroes raged, then,
 1140 Brave battle-thanes were burning for slaughter,
 Mighty-mooded were minded firmly to
 Mangle the head of the captive-stripling,
 With spears butcher him. God shielded him,
 Holy on high, from the heathen-folk, then :
 Bade the missiles of men in the midst of the struggle
 'Most like wax, then, to melt utterly,
 Lest enemies ill should be able to harm him
 With the brunt of battle-swords, base-hearted foemen.
 And so was the son saved from the folk-wrath,
 1150 The stripling from anguish. For all, thank God,
 The Lord of Lords, who lavisheth honor
 On men each and all that aid from him do
 Seek for with wisdom ! there waits evermore
 Unending peace² for all that can find it.

Andrew would
 fain save the
 youth from their
 hungry clutches.

God by a miracle
 saves the strip-
 ling's life.

¹ For *scurheard*, (l. 1133), various renderings are offered by scholars : *hardened by blows (of battle)* ; *hardened by blows (of the smith)* ; *hardened by scouring* ; *sharp* ; *cutting like a storm*. The meaning is still unsettled.

² Some editors adhere very closely to the Ms., and translate this hemistich

XX.

Famine and despair prevail in the city.

The cannibals look at each other in despair, hoping for advice.

Satan makes his appearance, and tells them that the great calamity is due to the presence of Andrew.

- There was dire lamenting in the dwellings of men,
 High folk-shouting heard, heralds cried out, then,
 Moaned for the famine, mournfully standing,
 Captives of hunger ; horn-buildings empty were,
 Wassail-halls waste : warriors needed not
 1160 Riches for revelling in that wretched hour.
 In secret session, sat sagacious ones,
 Musing their miseries : no more had they home-joy.
 One warrior another often questioned :
 " Let no one hide it who hath knowledge worth hearing,
 Great sagacity ! 'Tis a good time to share it,
 Bitterness is boundless : there is abundant need now
 That the words of the wise we well hearken to."
 In the sight of the people, Satan appeared,¹ then,
 Black, foul-visaged, had the form of a monster.²
 1170 The king of all evil accused Andrew, then,
 The hell-limper horrible, the holy apostle,
 These words hissing, hate-bitter foeman :
 " There is landed here from a long journey,
 A certain atheling, within, in the city,
 A far-comer hither, whom I heard folk calling
 By the name of Andrew ! lately he harmed you,
 When through the doors led he and forth from the prison
 Of the folk far more than was fitting or proper.
 Ye are able easily for these ill-bringing deeds, now,
 1180 To punish the authors : let the point of the weapon,
 The hard-edged iron, hew down the life-house,³

an eternal friend ; in this case, the 'it' at the end will refer back to 'aid,' two lines above.

¹ In such poems as this we can easily see the germs of the *Miracle Plays* and *Mysteries* of a later era.

² The prose version says *in the form (image) of a lad*.

³ *Eadorgæard*, (l. 1181), is not understood. Various conjectures are (1) *dwelling of life* ; (2) *body* ; (3) *house of veins* ; i.e. *body*.

The doomed one's life-hoard ! go valiantly
Till ye beat in the battle your bitter antagonist ! "

The excellent Andrew answer rendered him :

" Why teachest thou the folk fearlessly, urging them
Boldly battleward ? know'st the burning torment
Hot down in hell for thee, yet a host preparest,
An army to fight ? God's enemy art thou,

Andrew answers
Satan.

1190 Great Judge of Angels. Why add to thy wretchedness,
Dart of the devil ? deeply did God

In hell humble thee, hurled thee into darkness,
Where the King of Kings cast thee into fetters
And ever thereafter all that could discern of
The Law of the Lord have Lucifer called thee."

Then, the Foe of Mankind urged zealously
The folk to the fight, with a fiend's craftiness :

Satan stirs the
multitude
against Andrew.

" The foemen of heroes ye hear yourselves now
Who most of harms on this host hath done here !
It is Andrew himself that argues against me

1200 With wonderful words 'fore the war-band of heroes."

Soon was the sign¹ to the citizens given :

The battle-brave ran with the roar of a war-throng,
And warriors rushed, to the wall-gates thronging,
Bold under banners to the battle-contention

In a multitude mighty with missiles and war-shields.²
The Lord God of Hosts to his henchman spoke, then,
God high and great, to his good young liegeman :

" Thou shalt do great deeds,³ dear-lovèd Andrew !

Fear not the multitude, but thy mood unflinching

1210 Gird up 'gainst mighty ones. The time is approaching

When cruel, crafty ones shall cramp thee in tortures,

In cold shackles. Show thyself⁴ now,

God bids his
apostle to nerve
himself for the
torture.

¹ Cf. the Fiery Cross in Canto III, *Lady of the Lake*.

² The language would fitly describe the marshalling of an A.-S. army.

³ The phrase used here (*ellen fremman*) is one of the stock-phrases of the A.-S. heroic poetry.

⁴ Andrew is commanded to reveal himself, and "endure hardness."

Harden thy hero-mood, let thy heart stand sturdy,
 That men may know that my might is with thee !
 Crime-stained, guilty, they cannot and may not,
 If I be unwilling, give thy dear body
 Into death's clutches, though scourging thou suffer,
 Buffetings evil ; I will be with thee ! "

XXI.

Andrew is tor-
 tured.

There came thereafter a countless multitude,
 1220 Crafty counsellors with a concourse of shield-men,
 Angry-mooded, they bare out speedily
 And bound the hands of the holy apostle,
 When the eminent atheling was openly shown to them,
 And they could see with their eyes the ever-victorious one
 Fearless before them. Not a few heroes
 Of the men of that folk on the field of battle
 Craved for the conflict : they cared little, then,
 What reward for their crimes should come to them afterward.
 They bade hale, then, hither and thither,
 1230 Oft and anon, their enemy loathèd,
 Pull him where fiercest fiends could devise it.
 They dire-mooded dragged him by darksome caverns,
 O'er cliffs declivitous, cruel-hearted ones,
 As far and wide as the ways extended,
 The old giant-work inside the boroughs,
 The streets stone-covered. Storm, hubbub, then,
 Arose in the town, a tumult and uproar
 Of the host of the heathens. The holy one's frame
 Burned with body-wounds, with blood-gore streaming,
 1240 His bone-house was broken : the blood-waves bubbled,
 Hot from battle-gore. He had in his bosom
 Fortitude fearless ; free from all sin was
 His excellent mood, though anguish so bitter
 From fell wound-blows he perforce must suffer.
 So, all day long, till eve came radiant

Andrew is fear-
 less and sinless.

Was the apostle beaten : pain again entered
 The heart of the hero, till the heaven-bright orb was
 Gone down a-glistening and glode to its setting.
 Their fierce-hated foe the folk led, then,
 1250 Back to the prison : to Christ, nathless,
 He was precious in spirit ; his mood shone bright, now,
 Holy near his heart, his hero-mind dauntless.
 In the dark dungeon, the dear Andrew, then,
 Battle-brave earl, all night long did
 Meditate wisely.¹ Snow decked the earth ² with
 Tempests wintry ; the weathers were bleak
 With hail-showers heavy, and hoarfrost and rime,
 Hero-thanes hoary, did the home-land of warriors,
 Men's dwellings, lock up ; the earth was frosty
 1260 And icicle-laden ; the glory of water
 Shrank o'er the rivers, ice bridged across the
 Pale water-road. The puissant earl
 Mood-bright remained, then, mindful of valor,
 Was daring, dauntless in his dire tribulation
 Through the nipping night-cold, nowise surrendered,
 From fear frantic, his firm resolution
 To give unto God glory and honor,
 With words exalt him, till the eminent jewel
 Arose radiant. Rushed, then, heroes
 1270 To the dark dungeon, a demon-like throng,
 Slaughter-fierce surging, with the sound of a war-band.

He meditates
 wisely all night
 long in his
 dungeon.

XXII.

Early thereafter, the atheling bade they,
 The loyal liegeman, to be led into foes'-hands.
 Then, as erstwhile, again, he all day long was

Again the saint
 is handed over to
 the multitude to
 be tormented.

¹ Gr. translates, *full of wisdom-thoughts*. BT. in one place says, *beset with snares* ; in another, *beset with various thoughts*.

² " Here follows an heroic picture in which the saint is set in a frame made by the description of a bitter night of frost."

Beaten with blows : the blood-waves bubbled
Through his dwelling of bone, drinking up fragments¹ (?)
Of his vitals all-gory (?) ; his wound-weary body was
Unconscious of suffering.² A cry of great sorrow,

1280 A stream welled in waves, and in words spake he :

Andrew commits
himself to God's
care.

" See now, Lord God, my great tribulation,
Benefactor of Races ! Thou fully knowest
All of the ills that each man endureth.

I trust in thee ever, Author of Life-joys,
Saviour of Men, that in mercy and glory
Thou wilt never forsake me, Almighty, Eternal ;
So, while life lasteth me, Lord, on the earth here,

1290 I shall swerve little from thy sweet commandments.

Thou art a shield of defence 'gainst the foe's weapons
For thine own, oh, eternal Author of Happiness ;
Permit not the murderer of mankind to slander,
The firstborn of evil, through the arts of the fiend,
With his abuse to burden, them that bear thy praises !"
There appeared soon, then, the Apostate Spirit,
The perfidious foe ; the fiend from hell, then,
Damned to agony, egged on the warriors

Satan again eggs
on the multitude.

In front of the folk-throng, these fierce words saying :

1300 " Fetch the foul-mooded foe of the people
A blow in his mouth, since too much he hath gabbled !"
The strife and struggle was stirred afresh, then,
Again was aroused, uprose the great clamor,
Till the sun, in his setting, to his seat glided
'Neath the headland deep : darkness hung, then,
Lurid did lower, o'er the lofty mountains,
And Heaven's holy one was haled to the building,
Glory-eager, earnest³ to the gloomy prison ;
In the dismal dungeon, the dauntless, faithful one

¹ A very difficult passage ; our rendering is only a guess at its meaning.

² He had swooned from the brutal treatment.

³ Several authorities emend so as to read ' *dear* ' in our translation.

- 1310 In that noisome place must the night-watches pass, then.
 Then the monster of malice, mindful of wickedness,
 With six¹ fellow-demons fared to the building,
 Crowned king of criminals, clad in grim darkness,
 Dire-mooded devil, dead to all goodness.
 With contempt and taunting tried he the holy one :
 " Why so eager, Andrew, for oversea journey
 Into foes' grapple? Thy glory, what is it,
 That with heart so haughty thou a-high rearest,
 When our gods' grandeur thou greatly didst humble?
 1320 For thyself alone, thou hast laid claim to
 All lands and races, like thy royal master :
 The one called Christ a King's might wielded
 All the world over, while able to do it !
 Herod, anon, of his life reft him,
 The King of the Jews o'ercame him in battle,
 His kingdom conquering, to the cross nailed him,
 That he gave up the ghost on the gallows a criminal.
 So I now command my mood-valiant children,
 Bold-mooded braves, in battle to humble thee,
 1330 His liegeman, in fight. Let the lance's point, now,
 The poisonous arrow, pierce deeply the
 Doomed one's vitals ! advance boldly
 To beat down the boast of the battle-thane mighty !"

Seven devils now
 taunt the blessed
 apostle, and ridi-
 cule Christ.

Satan commands
 his liegemen to
 attack Andrew.

XXIII.

- * They raged savagely, swept on him rapidly
 With grim grappling : God shielded him,
 With strong arm steadfastly stood by his liegeman.
 When the frantic ones saw on the saint's face, then,
 The cross² of Christ clearly depicted,
 They, trembling with terror, from the attack shrank, then,
 1340 Fearful, affrighted, to flight betook them.

The demons
 rage furiously,
 but are terrified
 by the sign of the
 cross on the
 apostle's face.

¹ The prose version says "*seven other devils.*"

² God had put the sign of the cross on Andrew's face.

Satan tries to rally his henchmen.

One of the devils thinks that discretion is the better part of valor.

Satan tells Andrew that he has been juggling too long, and had better surrender.

Again, as before, the grisly foeman,
Hell-captive horrible, 'gan howling his woe-song :
"What befell you so famous, my fellow-adventurers,
So ill to succeed, excellent comrades?"

One of the wretched ones rendered reply, then,
A fiend fierce-mooded, his father did answer :

"We are unable to do him injury quickly,
With snares to slay him : seek him thyself, now !
A fierce fight, then, thou shalt find speedily,

1350 A perilous struggle, if thou further darest to
Look for the lone one and thy life adventure !
We are able easily, earl most beloved,
At the bitter battle better to counsel thee,
Ere thou tempt truly the trial of combat,
The terror of war : watch how thou farest
In the onset of arms ! Early let us, then,
Go back and jeer at the Jew fast fettered
With his miseries mock him ! make ready now with
Well-chosen words for the wicked impostor !"

1360 In a loud voice, the loathèd one cried, then,
In anguish and agony uttered these words :
"With evil arts thou, Andrew, hast long been
Overfamiliar ! many a people
Hast deceived, betrayed ! Thou canst not deal now
More in such magic : miseries grievous
For thy deeds are appointed thee ; wretched-mooded,
Sad, comfortless, thou shalt suffer great woe,
Direst death-torture ! My dear-lovèd warriors
Are ready for battle, who by brave deeds speedily,
1370 With little delay, shall of life bereave thee.
What man is that mighty in middle-earth's regions,
Of all earth's denizens, that is able to loose you
Out of your fetters, if I be unwilling?"
Excellent Andrew answer, then, made him .
"In sooth, easily can God Almighty,
Saviour of Men, who in sorrows long ago

Firmly fastened thee, in fetters of yore,
Where, ever thereafter, in anguish chained,
1380 Thou hast chafed under punishment, forfeited glory,
Since the Heaven-King's behest in heart thou despisedst :
'There evil began, the end of thy punishment
Cometh never ! Forever and ever
Thou shalt add to thine anguish : forever and aye,
From day to day more drear thy existence."
Then off fled he who, ages ago,
'Gainst God began the grimmest contention.¹

Andrew boldly
replies that the
mighty God who
put Satan in
chains and fire
can save his
servant.

Satan flees.

XXIV.

There drew near at dawn, as the day broke, then,
A host of the heathens, the holy one seeking
1390 With a throng of thanemen, for the third time bade they
The long-suffering liegeman be led forth to torture ;
They wished utterly the eminent hero's
Mood to melt, then : that might not be.
Again, as before, their fury was stirred, then,
Bitter, battle-grim. The blessed apostle
Was bound basely, beaten cruelly,
Pierced through with wounds while the daylight lasted.
Grieved 'gan he, then, upon God calling
In holy accents, earnest from prison,
1400 Wept wearily, and these words uttered :
" Ne'er have I suffered, by God's permission,
Severer lot 'neath the vault of the heavens,
Where the Law of the Lord I must deliver to men !
My limbs totter, torn is my body,
My bone-house bloody, boiling my wounds are,
Gory my gashes. Lo ! Giver of Victories,
Dear Lord Jesus, a day's length² thou didst

For the third
time, the mob of
persecutors tor-
ture Andrew.

Andrew pleads
with Christ to
save him from
torture.

¹ These two lines in the original are almost matchless for their concentrated power and vigor; they are a *Paradise Lost* in embryo.

² Andrew pleads with his Divine Master that he (A.) has been suffering

- Suffer in sorrow 'mid the sons of Jacob,
 The while from the cross, God everliving,
 1410 Thou, dear Lord of all, on the Father didst call,
 Oh, Glory of Kings, crying aloud thus :
 ' Father of Angels, I will ask sadly,
 Light-Prince of Life, why leavest thou me ?'
 And three long days, now, dire agonies
 I have had to endure? Dear Lord of Hosts, I
 Pray thee grant me to give up my spirit,
 Feeder of Souls, into thine own keeping !
 By thy holy word, thou gavest the promise,
 When us twelve apostles thou erstwhile calledst,
 1420 That foes' hatred should harm us never,
 No piece at any time be plucked from our bodies,
 No sinew nor bone be left behind us,
 No lock be lost from thy loved ones' heads, if
 We'd hold faithfully to thy holy teachings.
 My sinews are burst, now, my blood sprinkled,
 My locks lying o'er the land scattered,
 My hair on the ground. I had much liefer
 Lay down my life, than live in this agony !"
 Him, earnest-mooded, answered the voice of the
 1430 Great Glory-King, greeted with words thus :
 " Bewail not thy woe, well-lovèd Andrew !
 Thou art able to bear it : I will be with thee,
 With my stretched-out arm's strength will sustain thee.
 Power over all things in earth and in heaven
 And glory are given me : in the Great Assembly
 On the day of doom, doubtless many will
 Say and declare that this beauteous creation,
 Heaven and earth, shall pass away,
 1440 Ere any one word that I have e'er spoken

Christ promises
 to sustain him.

three days, while Christ did not endure one day's torture without imploring his Father's mercy. Gr. shows that he saw this antithesis, for he translates by *an einem Tage*, with stress and alliteration on *einem*. Others, however, neglect this point entirely. The prose version is equally clear.

Shall fail of fulfilment or fall to the ground.¹
See now thy track, where thy blood forth spouted,
From the breaking of bones, the blood-gory traces,
From thy body-bruises ! With blows of lances,
No more injury they'll be able to do thee
Who have harmed thee most by harshness and cruelty."
The beloved liegeman looked, then, behind him,
As the King of Glory had given command :
He saw standing there trees blooming,
Beauteous with blossoms, where his blood he had shed.
1450 The shelter of earlmen uttered these words, then :
"Thanks and praise to thee, Ruler of Nations,
World without end worship in heaven,
For that me in my misery, my mighty Victory-Lord,
Thou didst leave not alone, a forlorn stranger !"
So the doer of deeds his dear Lord did praise, then,
In holy accents, till the heaven-bright sun had
'Neath the seas sunken, to its setting in splendor.

XXV.

The fierce folk-chieftains for the fourth time haled, then,
Loathsome enemies, the atheling dragged to his
1460 Darksome dungeon ; the doughty spirit,
The dauntless courage, of the dear-loved counsellor
Would quell in the night-time. Came, then, the Lord God,
Glory of Heroes, going prisonward,
And the great World-Father in words greeted his
Friend and apostle, promised him comfort,
The Master of Life bade his body become again
All safe and sound : "In sorrow no longer
Thou shalt bear the abuse of bloody-thirsty warriors."

¹ The Bible reader will readily see that this is a paraphrase of very familiar words recorded in the gospels. These religious poems were often used, along with prose homilies, for purposes of instruction.

Andrew's body is
miraculously
made well and
sound.

1470 Freed from the baleful bondage of torture,¹
The mighty one rose, then, his Creator thanking :
Unblemished his beauty, no bit of his raiment
Was aught loosened, nor a lock from his head,
Nor a bone broken, nor bloody wound
Along of his body, no limb from cruel
Sword-cuts suffering and seething with blood-gore,
But he was ever as erstwhile, through God's excellent might,
His songs-of-praise singing and sound bodily.

* * * * *

XXVI.

[The poet makes
a personal allu-
sion, and says
that he cannot do
justice to this
lofty theme.]

1480 I,² in sooth, for a season, the saint's blest teaching,
The song of the praises of his puissant deeds have
Been weaving in words, a well-known story.
There is more yet to say, exceeding my powers,³
A long reading, what in life he suffered,
From youth to old age ! I trow that a wiser
Man on the earth than I deem me
Must find in his heart fully to know of
All the sore ills he underwent bravely,
The grim grapplings. We must go yet farther,
Nathless, and piecemeal a part of the story
Add to our song !⁴ 'Tis an oft-told tale how he
1490 Countless, numberless cruelties suffered,
Bitter battles, in that borough of heathendom.
By the wall saw he massive pillars

¹ There are several possible translations of this passage, all turning upon the syntax of *heardra wita*. Is this gen. dependent upon *hal*, *hæfte*, or *þanc*? We have followed the second possibility.

² This personal passage introduces the fourth main division of the poem. The poet again uses the *hwæt!* to catch attention.

³ Br. thinks the poet is speaking with "proud humility." We once heard a good old deacon refer to Christians that were "proud of their humility."

⁴ Br. thinks that Cynewulf would have given us a voluble passage of personal reminiscences.

Fashioned firmly and fixed in the earth deep,
 Columns storm-beaten standing before him,
 Old giant-work. Early to one of them
 Mood-brave, mighty, his mouth opened he,
 Most wondrous-wise, at once addressing it :
 " Mark thou, O marble ! the commands of the Lord God,
 In whose mighty presence man and creation
 1500 Shall be filled with fear, when the Father glorious
 Of earth and of heaven they behold seeking,¹
 With the mightiest of multitudes, men of all races !
 From thy base send forth now floods issuing,²
 A river to run ; the Ruler almighty,
 Monarch of Heaven, commands that speedily
 Thou forth spout now on this folk so stubborn
 A rushing river, for the ruin of men,
 A streaming heaven !³ In truth, thou art nobler
 Than gold or treasure ! the True-King wrote on thee,⁴
 1510 The God of Glory gave forth in words his
 Mysteries awful, and the only true Law
 Betokened and told in ten commandments,
 The mighty Maker to Moses did give it,
 As excellent, earnest ones thereafter held it,
 High-hearted heroes, his holy kinsmen,⁵

Andrew performs
 another miracle.

The marble pillar
 sends forth a
 stream to drown
 the stubborn
 folk.

God had honored
 the stone ages
 ago by writing
 upon it with his
 finger.

¹ We leave W. here, and follow Gr. and Ett.

² In the prose version, he sees a column surmounted by an image, and this image pours forth water from its mouth.

³ Some eminent authorities read *geofon* for *heofon* again, and translate a *streaming* (*rushing, weltering*) *ocean*. W., as usual, keeps close to the Ms., Cf. note to l. 393, above.

⁴ Br., in his charming analysis of the poem, assumes that there are *two* columns and that they are tables of the Law; but the poet does not say how many columns there are, and what would tables of the Law (of Moses, or of God) be doing in this wild heathen city? No; they are parts of the prison, and the poet tells the stone that it was honored ages ago when God used it to write his commandments on.

⁵ Gr. says *men of God*. The poet thinks all the old Hebrew characters are related to each other in the bonds of sibb.

God-fearing men, Tobias and Joshua.

Thou canst perceive readily that the Sovereign of Angels

In days of yore adorned thee more

With gifts eminent than any of jewels :

1520 At his holy behest, thou shalt here speedily

Show what knowledge thou hast of thy heavenly Maker !”

XXVII.

The stream
rushes forth and
engulfs a num-
ber of the
heathen.

So blithely obeyed the obedient marble

That the stone shivered : a stream forth issued,

O'er the fields flowing ; foaming billows

At the dawn of day dashed o'er the earth, then ;

The flood rose higher : fear and horror

Followed the feast-day. Folk-warriors armed

From their sleep started : stirred to its bottom

Sea swallowed earth up. The multitude cowered

1530 From fear of the flood ; fated ones perished,

The battle-rush seaward swept off youths in the

Crashing of currents. 'Twas a crushing sorrow,

A bitter beer-drinking :¹ obedient henchmen,

'Ale-pourers tarried not ; for each was soon ready

From the dawn of day drink in abundance !²

The water's-might waxed, then : war-troopers moaned,

Old heroes groaned ; off they would hasten,

¹ Br. says : “The whole of this comparison of the Flood to a drinking-feast is detestable. Fortunately it stands alone (*sic*). But it reveals the sensation-alist who is searching for violent effects.” That may be true from Brooke's modern point of view, but not from that of the poet and his audience. In *Beowulf* (l. 770) we have what some eminent authorities consider a parallel figure, though not expanded as here. The poet of *Andreas*, then, may be using a metaphor as familiar to his audience as some of Shakespeare's are to us. But shall we continue to measure our early poets by the standards of Tennyson, etc.?

² This is a continuation of the comparison discussed in the note above. The poet means that they all got enough to drink for once at least. Grim humor.

The fallow-stream flee from, fly for their lives and
 Seek them a sojourn safe in some cavern,
 1540 Rest for their footsoles. An angel withstood them,
 Who compassed the borough with blazes luminous,
 Flames fierce-burning. The foaming billows¹
 Raged in the borough: no band of war-troopers
 Was able to flee from that awe-stricken fortress.
 The waves waxed, then, wood snapped and crackled,
 The fire-brands were flying, the flood in waves gurgled.
 It was easy to find, then, inside the borough
 Sad measures sung, sorrow bemoaning,
 Many hearts fearful, funeral dirges:
 1550 The awful fire was of all beheld, then,
 Dire devastation,² the dreadful confusion;
 The flames of the fire, fanned by the wind,
 The walls compassed, the waters rose higher:
 Weeping and wailing widely resounded,
 Sad tumult of mortals.² A man began, then,
 A gloomy warrior, to gather the folk-throng,
 Mourning, moaning, lamentingly spake he:
 "Ye yourselves can see now, in sooth, easily,
 That wrongly, unrighteously, the wretched stranger
 1560 We with chains loaded in the loathsome dungeon,
 With horrible fetters! Hard, battle-grim
 Fate is pursuing us: few but can see it!
 'Twere well, methinketh, with one mind to free him
 From his fetters and shackles (the earlier the better)
 And beseech the saint his assistance to lend us,
 Aid and comfort! Peace after sorrow
 Shall be soon sent us, if we seek it from him."
 Andrew divined, then, the acts of the folk-throng
 1570 Down in his mood-depths, when the doughty ones' might,
 The proud folk's power, was put to the blush there:
 The billows embraced them, blithe the waves were,
 The torrents tossed, till the tumbling breakers

An angel com-
 passes the city
 with flaming fire.

A Mermedonian
 warrior advises
 his fellow-town-
 men to free
 Andrew.

¹ The old poet glories in a scene like this.

² We follow BT. here.

The apostle stills
the tempest.

O'er the bosom clomb to the shoulders of earlmen.
The atheling bade, then, ocean be peaceful,
The storm be still round the stony declivities.
The hero invincible advanced hastily,
God's dear one wise left, then, his prison :
1580 There was soon opened him a path through the waters ;
Calm was the victory-plain, the ground alway
Dry from the flood, where his foot fell upon it.

XXVIII.

The borough-burghermen blithe were in spirit,
Happy of heart. Help came to them
Soon after sorrow : the sea-deeps¹ grew calm at
The behest of the holy one, unheard were the waters,
The sea subsided. Then, severed the mountain,
The earth-cavern awful, therein permitted
The flood to flow, the fallow currents,
1590 The abyss swallowed up the bubbling commotion :
Not the waves alone in its womb drowned it,
But the worst of the war-throng went to the bottom,
Fourteen accursèd crime-doers 'mong them
With the wave went, then, the way of perdition
To the pit bottomless. Then, were palsied with terror,
No few souls affrighted of the folk that were left there :
They expected the ruin of men and of women,
Of storm and stress a still sadder era,
Since, crimson with crime, the cruel-hearted
1600 Though brave battle-earls 'neath the abyss had perished.
With one consent said, then, all of them :
" We well wot, now, that the one true Creator,

¹ Here we feel compelled to leave W. and B., though the Ms. sustains them. (1) The alliteration, which is very regular in this poem, demands *geofon*. (2) The idea involved in *geofon swaðrode* is hammered in by two hemistichs closely following. (3) The weight of authority is largely in favor of the change.

The Lord of All, ruleth mightily,
 Who this henchman of his hither hath sent for
 An aid unto earth-folk ! There is urgent need, now,
 That high-mindedly and heartily we heed the message !"¹
 The good saint 'gan, then, greatly cheering
 The man, and the war-hosts with words encouraging :
 1610 " Be not overanxious, though the evil race have
 Sought their own ruin, have suffered death,
 Their well-earned punishment ! the light of glory
 Gleaming is given you, if the good part ye choose now."

All of the
 heathen confess
 that Andrew is
 the servant of the
 true God.

XXIX.

He sent forth his prayer to the Son of the Highest,
 Asked the Holy One his aid to render
 To the young of that folk who, in the flood's clutches,
 Had lost their lives but late in the waters,
 So that, God-forsaken,² their sorrowful spirits
 Sundered from glory had gone down to ruin,
 Fastened in foes'-clutches to the fire of torment.
 1620 Then, the earnest prayer to the AH-wielding God,
 Ruler of Races, rose acceptably
 As the Holy Spirit had spoken in promises :
 He bade uprise, then, all of the youth that
 The sea had erst swallowed, sound from the earth.
 There stood up straightway, as the story relateth
 In legend and lay, a large assembly
 Of stripling-bairns : body and soul were
 Again united, though the time was but short since
 In the clasp of the current they had come to destruction ;
 1630 They to baptism came and the covenant of blessing,
 The pledge of glory, perfect through sufferings,

Andrew asks
 God to spare the
 youth.

The youth are
 restored to life.

¹ We follow BT. and Gr.'s translation in construing **gumcystum** as advl.
 instr. Some take it as dat. with **hyran** = *to follow the right*.

² See note to l. 406, above. BT. renders *destitute of good (things)*.

They are baptized, and a church is built on the spot where the miracle was wrought.

Great throngs receive baptism.

The Christian church is formally established, and a man named Platan consecrated as bishop of the Mermedonians.

The apostle determines to leave Mermedonia.

The protection of God.¹ Then, the brave one commanded,
 The King's builder, a church to be founded,
 A temple of God, where the youth arose
 Through the Father's baptism and the flood forth issued.
 There gathered together in great throngs, then,
 Folk through the borough, from far and wide,
 Men of one mind, with their maidens and women ;
 Promised they would heartily heed and follow,
 1640 In the baths of baptism bathe speedily
 For the love of the Lord, and leave utterly
 Their ancient shrines and the altars of devils.
 Then, the gift of baptism was given that race,
 Pure 'mid the people, and the perfect Law²
 Of the Lord set up, his ordinance established
 'Mong the folk in the land, a church was hallowed.
 There God's apostle appointed an eminent
 Man that was wise in word and in action
 In the beautiful borough, as bishop and father,
 1650 And set him apart 'fore the host of warriors
 Through his power as apostle (he was Platan entitled),
 To feed that flock, and firmly exhorted them
 To hear and heartily heed his instruction,
 Their souls'-good seeking. He said he would early
 Go from the gold-city, give up, abandon the
 Hall-joy of heroes, their hoard of treasure-gems,

¹ The translators and lexicographers differ quite widely here; we have kept close to BT.

² This passage has caused much discussion among distinguished editors, and even Grein seems to have failed to catch its full meaning. W. suggests that l. 1651 belongs before 1650; and it doubtless does in sense, though the old writers are not so precise in forming sentences as to place their phrases with great accuracy. We follow W.'s exegesis, adopt BT.'s definitions, using "hallowed" instead of the technical "consecrated" of the modern English church, and believe that our results will satisfy all concerned. A good deal depends upon the phrase *þurh apostolhad*, which baffled some. It no doubt means that Andrew, by virtue of his apostolic power, "hallowed" or consecrated Platan bishop of the Mermedonians.

The bright bracelet-halls and a boat seek for
At the ocean's shore, a ship to embark on.

XXX.

To the whole host, then, 'twas a heavy affliction
1660 That the beloved leader no longer was able
To bide in their land. As the blessed one journeyed,
The God of Glory greeted him from heaven
And the Lord God of Hosts these words spake, then :

God commands
Andrew to re-
main in Merme-
donia seven days
longer.

* * * * *
"The folk from their ill-deeds. They are eager for death
now (?),

Go mournfully, both men and women
Their woes wailing over : their weeping goes forth, now,
Their lamenting mood * * * *

* * * * *
Leave not shepherdless the sheep so early

1670 In their new-found joy, but my name in their bosoms
Fix firmly now ! Defender of warriors,¹
Bide in the borough in their buildings adorned
Seven days longer ; then my peace shall go with thee."

Set he out soon — 'twas the second time, then, —
Mighty of mood, the Mermedonians'
City coming to. The Christians grew there
In word and in wisdom, when the World-King's messenger,
The servant of glory, they saw with their eyes, then.

The church
among the Mer-
medonians is
strengthened by
Andrew's teach-
ing.

1680 In the way of faith, the folk counselled he,
To the saints' honor added mightly,
Guiding to glory a great multitude,
To the holy home of the heavenly kingdom,
Where Father and Son and Spirit of Comfort

¹ The poet naively makes God address Andrew as an Anglo-Saxon king would address a noble thane; indeed, God is the Divine Atheling, and Andrew his faithful liegeman.

Satan is
chagrined and
sorrowful at los-
ing his power in
that city.

The apostle
leaves Merme-
donia, and goes
back to Achaia.

The Merme-
donian Chris-
tians bid him a
sad farewell.

Reigneth in might o'er mansions of glory,
Great Three in One forever and ever ;
Likewise, the saint insulted their altars,
Their idols drove out and their errors abolished.
'Twas a sore sorrow that Satan ¹ must bear, then,
1690 Mighty mood-burden, when the multitude saw he
Turn happily from hell's buildings,
Through the good Andrew's gracious teachings,
To the beauteous bliss where base spirit never
In the land walketh, nor loathed fiend stalketh.
The time by the Lord God allotted was gone, then,
The days in their number as God commanded him
To bide in the storm-burg. He was bound for the journey,
Exultant, triumphant, on the excellent wave-rusher
Would himself seek for — ('twas the second time, then) —
1700 The land of Achaia, where his life's severing,
Death, suffered he : the wan murderer ²
Enjoyeth no jesting, to the jaws of hell
Headlong he fell, and friendless, bitter,
Not ever thereafter knew aught of solace.
I have heard that heavy-hearted heroes led, then,
Their precious master to the prow of the boat with a
Throng of thanemen : the thoughts of many there
Hot in the heart heaved tumultuously.
1710 Aboard brought they the brave-mooded warrior
At the edge of the sea ; on the ocean-shore stood they
Lamenting, mourning the man that was leaving them,
The while on the ocean the hope of athelings
O'er the seal-fords sailing they might see in the distance,
And praise did upraise to the Prince of Glory,
With one voice sang, saying in unison :
" One is the eternal God of all creatures !

¹ Satan is the defeated foe, conquered by the Divine Atheling and his noble thanes.

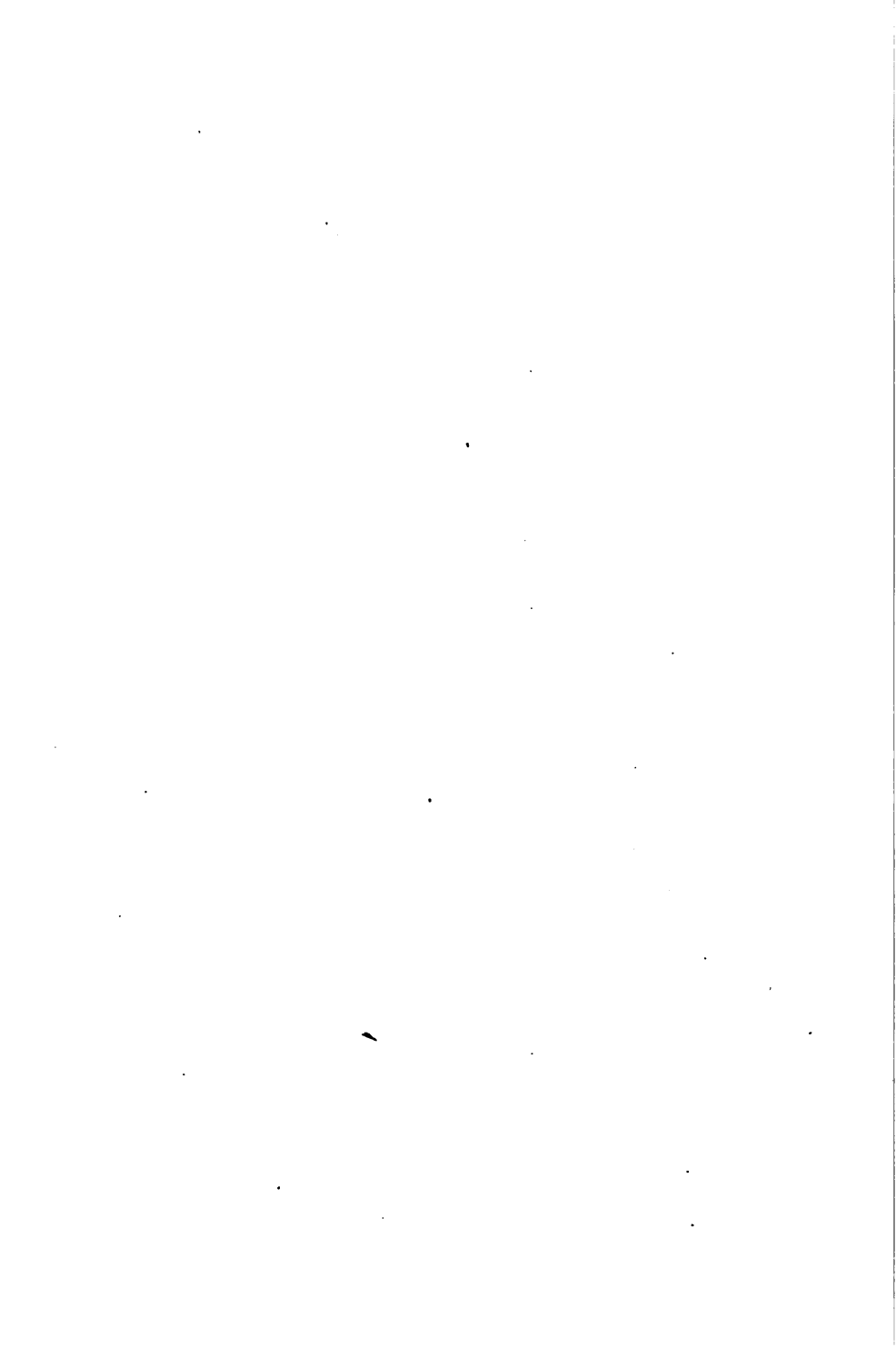
² The poet consigns the murderer of St. Andrew to a place where he will never laugh.

His might and majesty are magnified greatly
All the earth over, and his eminent lustre

They praise God
in unison.

1720 In the holy glory of the heavens gleameth
World without end wondrous in splendor,
Everlasting 'mid angels : — an illustrious King ! ”

More and more of what appears in me
Destiny



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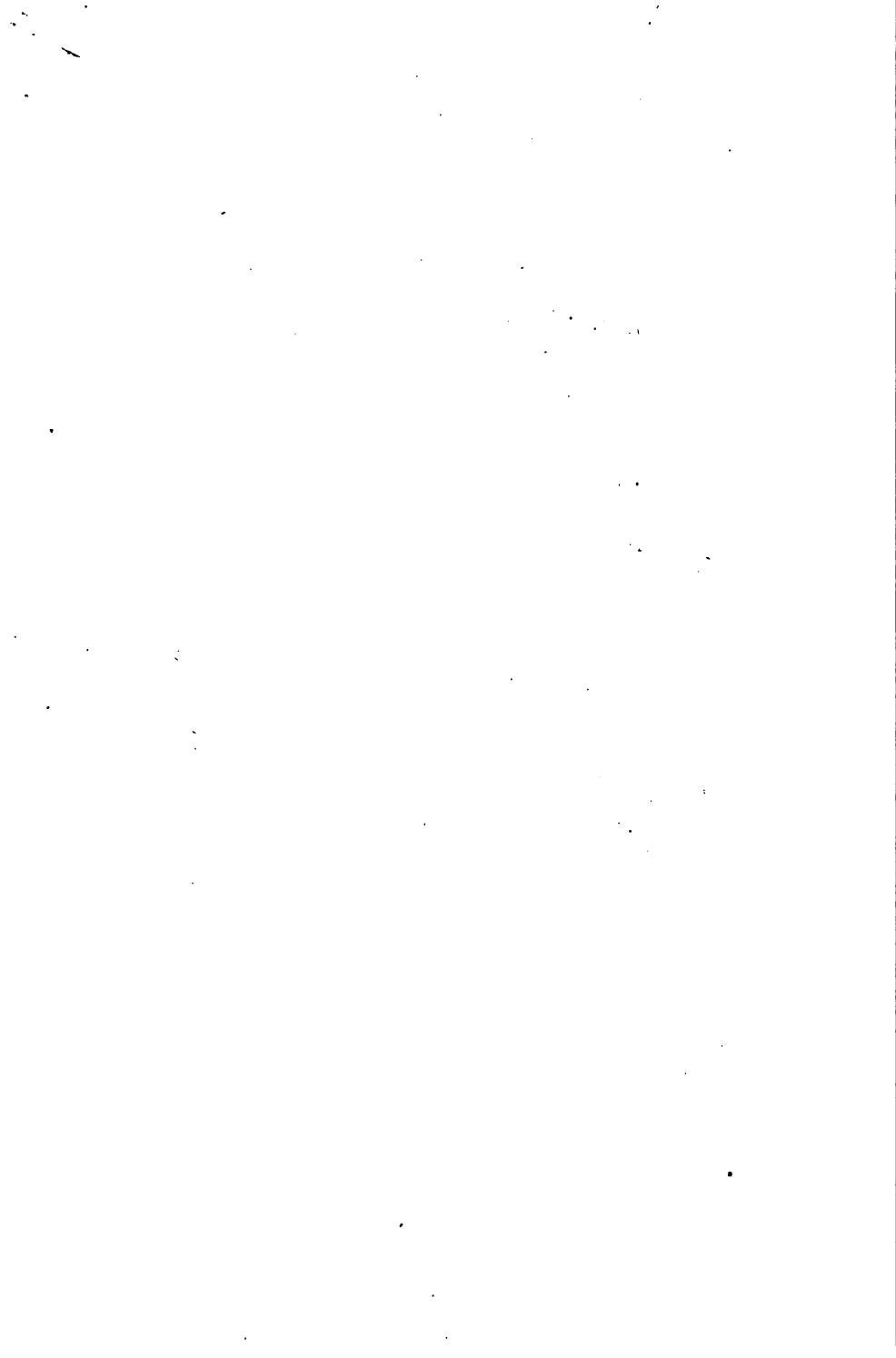
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